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# WIRED

**Sublime Frequencies**  
**Acid flashback: the 303 on disc**  
**Mark Mothersbaugh**

**Alexis O'Hara**  
**Belbury Poly**  
**Lee Patterson**  
**The Hospitals**  
**Richard Foreman**

**Mamas turn down the volume**  
**Porn Rom Records**  
**Moondog**

**Kode9**

Travels in hyperdub

THE 303, MAY 2000  
Interviews by Joshua Wiles  
Editor: Peter Dinklage



Barcode | Sublime Frequencies | The 303 on disc | Mark Mothersbaugh



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CD & Digital / 04.05.09



**GEOGRAPHIC**

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Model photographed by Julie Watson

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## Subscriber Special

With next month's issue all subscribers receive a free copy of a new CD of Polish experimental music



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To mark Poland's Year, which consists of more than 200 events taking place in the UK throughout 2009 that will showcase various aspects of contemporary culture from Poland, Audiotang Foundation and Ellen MacKenzie Institute have put together this exclusive compilation of new Polish music. From free improvisation to experimental electronics, noise to avant garde jazz and electronics, the CD gives a full spectrum insight into the vibrant state of contemporary Polish sound art.

The CD will be given away to all The Wire's subscribers with copies of next month's issue.

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**Scott Brown**

## Movie moments:

how fascinating to see a Jeff Koenig novel spring up in unexpected places (Jazz Platform, The Wire 302). When I was at school in 1966 I read the WCW milord's Dever Starr, shortly before his name in the parent's program on The Wall. Jeff Koenig's poster - Amazing Royalty Classic Number 1 - was also only for innocence (old money). Last year I framed my copy to avoid further disavowal. Ringing it on the wall made me realize how much I was affected by the rough intensity of his collage approach. To my shame I never fully appreciated or acknowledged that influence. Early litmag Jeff was also attuned to such events.

In his profile of Faust's work, Mark Fiebert gives the full details of the *Alonso Moreno* soundtrack. This was recorded by Revs with Norma Lipson and Edith Goldberg, all three at times simultaneously reading extracts from Jack Kerouac's *Old Angel Midnight* (a big influence on Goldberg's work), plus newspaper clippings and a scene from the article. As Fisher writes, very little is intelligible. Even so, post everything, the piece packs a punch. Along with another ramble-like piece from that time — *Unlabeled* — it's a treasure.

with Cobbing on *Nirgya* — it feels like a significant moment in the embrace of some (diverted and even casual) legitimate elements of musical form. There's a bowed history here, a reminder that existing accounts of so-called sound art still lack reference, closure, even the facts.

David Byrne, *London* (1982)

### Editorial focus

If my editorial advice had not taught The Wire for a while, at least I picked up a copy of issue 302 at the Amphitheatre in Bristol on Friday it was a very pleasant shock to be welcomed just how good it is. I was particularly pleased to see the article on the Jeff Gaskin. In this light, any story you want that the QT have now found their own way of doing things, they are taking the more (good) action, playing it, sometimes flat, spot and soundtrack as if they were serious. I'm wondering if Jane Anderson (2007-08), whose films are never played with material and reinforced the reason on DVD and Blu-ray the same film, and the character's negative, we can go for their first length film made with Jack Bond September (2007). The other side of the UK Underground (1975) and Ann. Clout (2006), plus PopCulture scene extending across the New York City and all anyone can find here.

Robert Kagan: *Realism is a word*

## Coyster culture

Thank you so much for the Felix Kubin Inner Sleeve (the Wire 303). His rambling over the Walter Ulbricht record shop in Hamburg brought back very, very happy memories of parking out and eventually locating this mythical locale hidden away down a nondescript side street. It was indeed the way it had, record shop. The stock would have seemed dull, more a barren wasteland.

the decor was confusing and perplexing and the proprietor is true one-off. At the end of my visit, I felt compelled to tell him how wonderful his shop was. In perfect English he started screaming at me at the top of his voice that he "didn't want my fucking praise" and then proceeded to throw me out the door. Online retailing will never become a one-way hit then coast.

Ralph M. White, Director, 114

Live, flow

Finally a (relatively short) piece on Magna (The Who 302). I am sure you can do much better than this. Having seen them live on numerous occasions during the last 30 years, I must say that you missed quite a few aspects of their performance (Mickie Most was singing, John Caffery chorused). I think a nice big Pilsner piece on the band would be appropriate with their 40th anniversary coming on.

April from a few miles away. The Wine is still the only serious challenge designed to keep up the good work.

We ran an interview with Christian Bender in issue 137 (July 2005). That issue is now sold out, but you can find the article online at: [Hewson.org.uk](http://Hewson.org.uk) - Ed

Do what it says on the tin

Great to see a decided length feature on Jake Laurs, aka Subject Initial (The Wire 302). Finally some well deserved (and well written) coverage on him and his consistently interesting work.

Better late than never — More features and documentation like this on the more overlooked corners of the experimental music underground would be welcomed. It would go some way toward lifting what has both become a distinctly less visible

Remember that it says on your northeast  
Fla. lake (Shoemaker) on steel

### Short cuts

Just wanted to send some appreciation for the article by Stefan Kelnreich/Submaric Source: The Wire 303). Great blend of adventure, science and music!

Thanks for the gorgeous Wine Tapper  
Jill (The Wine 302). More than a dozen  
be affluency tracks on one CD. Beautiful  
artwork. You!

### Case results

strace300. Due to a mistake made during the transcription of Adrian Utley's interview to this online magazine, several factual errors appeared in the article. Utley never visited Rome (CE); this happened to my friend Eamon, giving that Gerardo Segni was head master of Hired – in fact, this was Rich Boale; Rob Ward never played with Hired.

In the article on GI-B, he referred to himself as Needle's "studio boy." Needle would like us to point out that GI-B was in fact his studio engineer.

In *Clerts*, we use the wrong web address at the foot of Carl Mathias von Kautsky's 1.4 Gals and a Guy chart (it was the web address from Hadden Shoe, who did a client in early 2000). It should have been [www.hadden.com](http://www.hadden.com).

Issue 300 is Global Car-Telran, writer and photographer Nina Shayeghi's name was misspelled.

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6 Colindale Avenue, London E9 6AN, UK. Fax +44  
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Next month  
in the June issue  
of *The Wine*

304

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Each month, to coincide with the publication of another new issue of *The Wire*, the magazine's official website is updated with a mass of new and exclusive content, including unedited interview transcripts, MP3s, video clips, competitions and more. Here are just some of the items that will be going up on the site this month:



Music from **Lee Potters**



Music and video clips from the **Sukiane** Proseminars label

Music from the **Pain Train** label

Video clips and a radio mix from **Alexis Q'Hara**

Memoirs from **London's** **Epiphany**

More exclusive essays commissioned to mark the publication in February of our 300th issue



The unedited transcript of Derek Wimbsey's interview with **Nickel**



The unedited transcript (plus audio clips, of Richard's interview is available) of **Jakob** interview with **Mark Markershaugh**



Artwork by **Rolney Pely**

The site's regular sections are updated on a daily, weekly or more ad hoc schedule. These include:

#### The Portal

Updated daily: our pick of the web with guest links from a host of outsider musicians and artists

#### Adventures in Modern Music

Updated weekly: each edition of *The Wire*'s radio show on Resonance 104.4 FM is archived on the site as a downloadable MP3 and stream. Recent editions of the show have featured guest mixes from **Shattered Skies**, **The Gervase** and **Ecstasy**

#### The Archive

Updated monthly: an ever-expanding library of articles culled from back issues of the magazine (many of which are now sold out)

#### The Wire

Updated whenever we feel like it: *The Wire* has a blog. Point your browsers to [thewire.co.uk/entry](http://thewire.co.uk/entry) for some real-time musings on modern music matters from various staffers and contributors

#### The Content

For updates on what's happening in the wider world of *The Wire*, sign up to our fortnightly newsletter, or subscribe to our RSS feeds, both at [thewire.co.uk](http://thewire.co.uk)







## Martienagohome Sound on a stick

PMD is Buddha Machine made, experimental music: a attempts-to-colapse-different-types-of-digital-media-beyond-the-CD-have-failed-to-feed-much-purposes. Then the simple experiment of loading up a DSD with multiple MP3 files (see J. Lissac, *Formers (Review)*) has tended to feel glacially and redundant. But here is an exception to find the Buddha Machine — a USB stick housed in a bamboo casing inside a small, embossed bamboo box that contains 10 “albums” of material generated by a mysterious entity styling itself Martienagohome.

Active in Europe since 1996, Martienagohome, it turns out, is a “sound collective whose primary outlet is radio”, as the collective itself puts it, explaining that it operates “all the emissions between radio waves and degraded electronic waves” from “live cassette to Resonance FM”, that particular jargon has seen some heavy (and fewer) listeners. But the

Martienagohome collective has been nothing if not industrious.

Containing around ten hours of music, mostly high-end electroacoustic inspired (and how what the collective describes as “500 hours of analog and subsonic material”), plus an image book documenting its various activities, both inside and outside the radio station, the box set inevitably provides only a partial view of an organization that has instigated external connections and collaborations with dancers and visual and video artists, as well as musicians as diverse as John Zorn, Jochen Benoit and Alexei Ratnow. But it works as a suitably idiosyncratic medium for a collective forging a path that feels a regular even in the current climate of rethinking cross-platform art activities. **C** The Martienagohome box set is available from [martienagohome@gmail.com](mailto:martienagohome@gmail.com). *Tracy McLaughlin*



Martienagohome's bamboo USB stick

## Pom Pom Records Faceless Techno bollocks



Here's going a Pom Pom Records, yes and?

Recently a mysterious package arrived at The Wire office, return address in the Faceless Islands, containing a handful of Techno 12"s in anonymous all-black sleeves and a CD packaged similarly. No further information. After some Google searching — keywords "Techno", "anagramous", "black sleeves" — the records turned out to be selections from the mysterious Pom Pom label. But besides that, no one in the online world seemed any the wiser.

Remarkably, Pom Pom were contactable, via their distributor, Kampt. They even agreed to an email interview — but their responses were singularly uninformative, not even substantive enough to be cryptic. Are you really from the Faceless Islands? "Yes, is there much of a Techno scene there?" "Not really." Pom Pom were determined to give nothing away but an empty house. And into an empty house you can project what you like — a collective of Underground Resistance-style headline acts, an established producer keen to shield his identity from above-surface, cerebral theorists, decadent sex/feds, or outright nihilists.

Their music echoes this openness. A patchwork of allusions to 30 years' worth of House and Techno music, enhanced with contemporary production (it's a little jolting at the present day, it sounds like it's from its time at all). Its supposedly Faceless provenance undermines the attempt to contextualize it — unlike

Berlin, Detroit or London, any Techno scene in the islands of the North Atlantic would be uncharted territory. Listeners have to put aside their prejudices when approaching the music, which seems Pom Pom effectively subverting the disc identity that can select Techno intriguingly, one of the early questions Pom Pom responded to with more than a couple of words was "Who do you picture dancing to your music?", to which they replied "Asteroids, ponies, bearded people."

Unusually for Techno, Pom Pom's music can also be incredibly conciliatory. Contrasting with tracks of near post-apocalyptic growls are moments of the sweet silliness, clanking, disjunctured (everly Hills Cop basslines, cartoonish linker-boy tumbler riffs, knowing-as-is-longer House percussion). The funny thing is, since the records are all unnamed, you never know which you're going to get: playful or serious. Pom Pom — and if their name wasn't enough — seem intent on obscuring the po-facedness of their own presentation (or should that be "po-facelessness"?). Certainly, the "mystery" surrounding them should be taken with a pinch of salt. But in the Twittering world of ubiquitous self-promotion, Pom Pom have been able to tap into a craving for enigma. That they have done so with a sense of humor only makes them all the more intriguing. **C** *Nick Richardson*



Shoggy Moondog

## Moondog Howling at the moon

"It began using Moondog as a pen name in 1947," Louis Hardin once explained, "in honor of a dog I had in Hadley, Missouri, who used to howl at the moon more than any dog I knew." First that wasn't until the mid-1970s Moondog was a familiar figure on the streets of Manhattan, a blind busking street musician, composer and poet, shaggy haired and long bearded, invariably wearing a knee-length winged tunic and wrapped himself in a long cloak. In 1974 he settled in Germany, in relative seclusion, and continued making music until his death ten years ago.

Saxophonist John Mark brought Moondog to England in 1986 to perform with the musical horns of London Saxaphonic, accompanied by pianist Liam Noble and percussionist Paul Clarvis. Now those musicians are regretting to celebrate the music of "The Viking Of 6th Avenue" at London's Barbican. The concert will also feature the British Sinfonia chamber orchestra in collaboration with And Tones of Mount St. Mary, and a specially composed Moondog All-Star Choir, involving Lightsped Deception, Adam and The Pitbulls Ltd. The programme will revisit material familiar from the Moondog discography that will also present previously unheard compositions.

The diversity of those participants says a lot about Moondog's singular musical vision. His fondness for over-lapping canon forms became a source of inspiration for the repeat the miniatures of Philip Glass and Steve Reich. Initially though his main following was amongst jazz musicians. Including Charlie Parker. During the mid-1950s Moondog recorded for the jazz-oriented Prestige label (including 1956's *More Moondog* and 1957's *The Story Of Moondog*, both of which have just been reissued and remixed on CD and LP by Homot Jazz), shaking up unlikely collations between Black country roots, Native American drumming, Medieval soundbites, Cuban rhythms and the environmental sounds of birds, tuborgs and New York traffic.

"Homotonic," Noble observes, "is a strange mixture – Western classical influences and the earthy, simple-sounding approach to grooves a spinoff from top-forty similar to avant-garde elements to jazz, but it's not jazz." Noble and Clarvis recall their first meeting with Moondog at Dartington College in Devon where, in the course of a talk, Noble remembers, "he went through a Bach Prelude and connected it very ecotypic, he had a theory of how music should be written and he stuck by that pretty rigidly." Clarvis explains that Moondog heard things in pure harmonic series, for him passing tones were simply wrong. Moondog himself acknowledged. In notes for his first Columbia album in 1969, that his compositions are melodically and harmonically grounded in the past. "It is the thing that's missing, more much music," Clarvis suggests. "Music often doesn't know where to go and gets more and more complicated, but although there was complication in Moondog's canons, he started with simple things done well. And it gets inside your head. You hear tunes and they don't go away."

Performing with Moondog, he continues, "you had to throw out any thoughts you had about how to play. You couldn't just impose your way of playing. His music is so simple on the surface and so direct but you actually had to play it, and it's not quite like anything else – that's a difficult thing to do as a musician." Moondog didn't formally conduct the ensemble but steered it through the way he played long as or bass drum or pounded a non-varying pulse directly on the floor. As a drummer himself, Clarvis was struck by the way the composer underpinned the group with his percussive playing. "He gave it momentum in what appeared at most a naive, childlike way. Try to do it yourself and you'll never get close. Nevertheless," he says, "his sense of music was stand up without any." □  
*The Viking Of 6th Avenue: The Music Of Moondog* at London Barbican on 30 May. See [www.dartington.co.uk](http://www.dartington.co.uk)

## Unofficial Channel 4:

### The Velvet Underground

In that horrendous scratch John Cale dropping a chair across the studio floor on the Velvet Underground & Nico's "Forever Blue" or in the stand of VO bootleggers sampling the action of the band? Either this year saw the appearance of a VO vinyl double LP (originally titled in 1969 *There Was... (Glad In The 60's)* by Velvet Records). Coming from the label behind last year's *Live At The Gymnasium*, a 1967 concert recording from New York City (the source of the song "Guns In The Streets" on the official *Peel* CD and *Live At The Velvet Underground* box set) anticipation among VO collectors and scholars was high. There are any number of fine bootlegs from the post-Galen era, up with a *Dag Yule* from late 1968 through to their last stand at NYC's Max Ka-Bar City Club. The CD paired with and without Nico from 1968-69 is undeniably less well documented.

Following *Gymnasium* and the wide dissemination of the Marlon Brando archive of recordings that preceded their debut, in 1969 there was... well, disappointing. A double LP housed in a handsome sleeve featuring artistically posed pictures of the group, with and without Nico, this largely drew from their releases at Andy Warhol's *Factory* in January and March of that year. Most of its tracks have already done the rounds, most capably on *At The Factory – World's Rarest*, less so on a *Remastered* version of *High Voltage*, *Smash Into You* and *The Velvet Underground*. The releases appear to have been sourced from a *Not For Sale* CD available for research purposes by advance appointment at the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh. This listening only disc was originally produced for the museum's 1996 exhibition, *It's Tomorrow's Portrait. Remembering The Velvet Underground*.

The second quality is possible for the tapes it was recorded, and while there is some minor pleasure to be had in hearing Nico strapping to learn "There She Goes Again", or the group (thanking themselves through avatars of John Lee Hooker, a "Rock Room" and *Booker T & The M.G.s*) "Green Gardens" residents are few despite previously unreleased songs like "Miss Lonely" and "Get It On Your", and three live tracks from Andy Warhol's *Upstart* at New York City's *Fillmore* (1968) and *Smash Into You*. However, the double LP is progressed to get the best out of its relatively thin material. But any public service starts about making such rare recordings available is undermined by peddling out the collection with a few offensively released tracks from *Peel* (Newly *See* 12).

Side Rapt

## Belbury Poly

By Mark Fisher

# Sucking in the 70s



Model shown: Belbury Poly's Jim Jupp

"Maybe there's a kind of magic mixing models and making model scenery. Imagine this world where a strange group of model railway enthusiasts are also accountants and manipulating reality with these models and bits of scenery." Jim Jupp is talking by telephone about the idea of miniature worlds, one of the threads running through the new Belbury Poly LP, *From An Ancient Star*. "It starts with the track which ended up being called 'Model Club' and which sounded like it could have been one of these very worthy children's programmes about model making, which seemed to be quite a big thing in the early 70s, certainly in our childhood."

Childhood magic, Britain in the 1970s, television: it's as familiar to anyone who has followed the work of the Ghost Box label, which Jupp co-founded with schoolfriend Julian House. The two previous Belbury Poly records, *The Willows* (2004) and *The Owl's Map* (2006), explored the kind of electronic music that was embedded into the everyday life of British youth who grew up in the 1960s and 70s as TV viewers, teenagers, incidental music and radio jingles. *From An Ancient Star*, Jupp explains, is "an attempt to extend the Belbury thing, not to capture a certain moment in musical history, but to extend the imaginary baseline we have and explore what it is. It's like listening to a lot of soundtrack from the late 70s and early 80s and I'd always liked these. And it just clicked for me – I hadn't really noticed that there was this fake TV disco in these tracks, and in a few other places. Library tunes I'd heard so well. I thought that was an interesting angle to explore. It's obviously disco and it's groovy, but it's very white and not all that funky. But it's good electronic music." So instead of the BBC Radiophone Wakesha, it's the electronic composers Gordon & Cook and their themes for the BBC's *Tomorrow's World* and *The Great Big Room* that are the key reference points in the new album.

Jupp's way of peering *From An Ancient Star* too closely to a specific period, in part "because of all

the associations of nostalgia that come up in every interview", but also because, "not just for Belbury Poly but for the whole of Ghost Box, it's 1990–1993 and it's all at once, we take little slices through that century in." The "All At Once Club" is a title of one of the tracks on *From An Ancient Star*, and instead of a simulation of a particular moment, Belbury Poly's sound in like a no-dressing-of-the-past, in which cultural fragments that never actually co-existed – model railways, the occult, Erich von Däniken's theories about alien civilisations colonising Earth in prehistory – are condensed together.

Television is the mediator for these iconic confabulations. It's not rock 'n' roll which initiated the Ghost Box world, but a tradition of the televised British weird that began with Nigel Kneale's *Quatermass* dramas but which started to die at the end of the 1970s. Jupp laughs when I suggest that there was a certain green to 70s British culture that got smoothed away by 80s-style cultural gloss. "It's about as if we became totally Americanised, got our teeth fixed and had a proper wash. I was talking to someone the other day whose girlfriend can't stand her watching old sitcoms, she always calls it 'got TV'. I know what she means. But maybe in UK radio and records then there was a feel that was washed clean in the 80s when everything was angular, digital, American, upbeat and colourful."

But the overwhelming reason why the end of the 70s is a cut-off point for Ghost Box is the arrival of digital technology. "It was being in 1960 when Fairlights and OXIs appeared in electronic music. I suppose that digital technology is a tipping point in culture in general, even in the way that television is made." Yet Belbury Poly's sound relies on digital equipment. "At the heart of it is a computer, and we don't hide that fact. Having said that, I'm sitting in the studio now and it's mostly analogue synths and a pile of acoustic instruments – what we do couldn't exist without tape and tapeheads and bare

and the access to cheap electronic instruments. It's reviving old textures and old imagined worlds with new tools."

This synchronising methodology is exemplified on *From An Ancient Star*'s standout track, "A Year And A Day", which digitally chops up a sample of a woman singing a traditional song until it becomes an unrecognisable incantation. "If you're just using the old tools," Jupp says, "then you've got to make new music. I really liked that Marlene album last year [*Supreme Delusion*] when they just used the old equipment, and had a great old equipment list, but it was almost hip-hoppy where they were mixing with these made-to-synths."

Ghost Box is really an ad hoc label, in which Julian House's sleeve designs, with their web of allusions to fiction, the occult and weird science, are crucial. "I'm talking with Julian and a new artist now [Rig], the keyboard player with Broadcast, whose LP is set to be released an Ghost Box this summer, about a cover and we're talking about that fit into the Ghost Box world. None of that may appear anywhere, but there are hints to it, and cross references to it as other records."

Jupp and House are not so much professional musicians as amateur world-builders, constructing their own, partially coded, sonic fictional system out of recycled materials. "I've never really thought of us as part of the music industry," Jupp said. "We're hobbyists. We both work, we have families, we have other lives. This is something we do in our spare time, it's a hobby that took off and became a business, but we're still very much enthusiastic amateurs. We don't risk huge amounts of cash in it or expect to make a vast living from it. We do it anyway."

It is an approach that has a certain charm. "Maybe with the economic crisis, the idea of self-sufficiency, non-kindness, make-do-and-mend, is coming back." □ *From An Ancient Star* is out now on Ghost Box

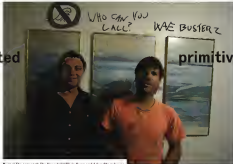


## The Hospitals

By Nick Richardson

### Sophisticated

### primitives



Rockin' The hospital: The Hospitals' Chris Guen and Adam Stonehouse

The history of *The Hospitals* is a tortuous tale. In the beginning — back in Portland, Oregon in 2002 — they were the duo of Adam Stonehouse on drums and vocals, and Rob Meyer, now a member of Saltbreeze garage rockers *Est Skull*, on guitar. At the time, says Stonehouse, they were “kind of a beer band”, with very few fans but a fine line in beer. In 2003 they released their debut self-titled album on garage punk label *The Red*. Since then, there have been so many line-up changes, break-ups and rekindlings that it's been hard to keep track. They had a new line-up for *Who Waxed The Isle Of Jools And Jools* (last 2005), and again for *Rick People* (Yakskans, also 2005), a record Stonehouse resolutely refuses to talk about. Currently, they comprise Stonehouse, Chris Guen, formerly of Portland trash punk act *The Bitches* on guitar, and new bassist Rick To-Lan. *The Hospitals* are an unstable group, if they're a group at all.

The one constant has been Stonehouse, now living in San Francisco. Little by little, *The Hospitals* have become the cradle of his musical vision. Last year's *Mindfyer/Piece UP*, which seeped from nowhere into the top three of *The Wire*'s 2006 Record chart, was conceived, written, recorded and released by Stonehouse. To render his vision, he assembled an elite “punk dangle/dangle team”, including Chris Guen, Rob Meyer and Rob Enson (also in *Est Skull*).

Stonehouse finds the latter two characters out with anecdotes: Meyer holding himself up in a practice studio for hours with three amps and two cases of beer (“no exaggeration”) to record the song “Dread Damage”, a grotesque, harking aural for solo guitar, (briefly leading up and ending a huge long, “bitting Indian-style” on the floor and spontaneously writing, and recording the riff on “Mindfyer/Piece” in a single take. It’s Guen, though, who has become Stonehouse’s right-hand man — he has even moved to San Francisco in an effort to stabilize *The Hospitals*

line-up, and the group are touring and working on a new record together.

Despite the dub-ah legends surrounding the recording, *Mindfyer/Piece* is hardly a happy-go-lucky, leg and hookah party record. Rather, it seems to perfectly locate that moment when the party stops being comfortable and starts turning sour — the terrified excitement as the drugs kick in too hard or a fight breaks out. Stonehouse’s voice is anxious and paranoid. “I feel dirty, I feel stoked,” he wails on “BPPA”, capturing the half-silly, half-euphoric ambivalence of an ecstasy rush. “I can’t control the patterns on the tiled floor,” he tries on “Setting Out Of Red”. Meanwhile, notes anxiously pitched under his songs speed up and slow down, occasionally breaking into sluggish distortions of American stadium rock in the spirit of a drunken fan party singalong (the AC/DC-wholed off on “Take this sh\*t to the down”).

Stonehouse hints that the songs are a product of the “Marshall Casey-type breakdown cut” he was dealing with at the time: six years of partying and touring finally took their toll. But the record is not intended as a sob story. It’s more the expression of a generation’s collective angst. “There’s a group of damaged people [in America],” says Stonehouse, and *The Hospitals*’ music reflects that. He insists that *The Hospitals* are a “punk” group, but *Mindfyer/Piece* is not the sound of a threatened and earnest revolution, nor the punk of *The Ramones* or *Black Flag*. It’s part of the Electric Blue/Royal Trux/Hard Japanese canon, the sound of strong-out punks frustrated by the system, drug-tainted and pilled with psychosis.

For *The Hospitals*, “punk” signifies far-released: codified for them in an impressionist DJ ethic, “non-professionals doing music for music’s sake”, and built left-free greenback. “I think if anything is for sure

about *The Hospitals*, it’s that it’s a real primitive style band, it has always been,” insists Stonehouse, “it’s still guys that can’t play well making uncomplicated songs about what’s in front of them.” Yet for all that, *Mindfyer/Piece* is rich in ideas and incredibly detailed. Take, for example, “Anxious As A Natural”, where a music camp rhythm breaks into a Dodge Over the River Run-style whistled chorus, or the ghostly wails and eerie wailing on “Rites For Ding Nerve”, or the well-named *Don’t Buy Bips* on “Sexa Hwile”.

This is largely due to Stonehouse’s no-hurry and meticulous mixdown. When it came to post-production, he was “anal, controlling and obsessive over fuck”, as Guen puts it. From the outset, he had a clear idea of how he wanted the finished record to sound, and though much of the raw material was written and recorded quickly, he spent months in his basement afterwards, poring over the tapes, cutting and splicing, layering takes that were often recorded months apart — oddly enough, Stonehouse’s mix often recalls the dub studio experiments of Reg Tubbly or Keith Hudson, with its real-time effects processing and tape as manipulation, the ghostly paleopasts of old instrumental and vocal tracks he’s taking the mix. By the end of the process, the songs were “almost unrecognizable,” says Guen. “You know your guitar is, or was, in there somewhere but it’s hard to tell where.”

Although they scoff at the idea of being associated with an “ever-thought, dusty, academic approach”, as Guen puts it, *The Hospitals* manage to combine the maddening of punk with the attention to sonic detail of more cultivated musical modes, capturing elements of raw, loose-fisted expressiveness and reverting them in the cold light of day, crafting them into sophisticated and complex compositions. The sound of punk grotesquerie amplified, reconstructed and rendered intimate. *© Mindfyer/Piece* has just been issued on CD by Mondo. [mondo.com/hospitals](http://mondo.com/hospitals)

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By Susanna Claser

## Comic relief



Furness and Adams-Clayton

**My name is Linda and I'M HERE TO MAKE YOU EPF™** We're in the Cello Divo in the depths of East London. In front of us is an inconspicuously glamorous, bejeweled woman, gazing her audience from behind a table spilling over with a jumble of books, wine and flashing lights. She calls it "sleek up zone music", a mash-up of tweets and sparkles worn down by multitracked, looped, processed vocals, interspersed with wailing arpeggios. Welcome to the lesser world of Mike D'Hara, a Montreal-based performer, poet, film maker and visual artist who is equally at home on the spoken word scene, the laptop circuit and in the second art world.

O'Hara's first forays as a performer began on the Manhattan fringe as a fresh-faced theatre student. But the limitations of spoken word drove her to explore music machines, and in 1996 she bought her first simple piece of equipment – a “cheapo oldo vocal processor”. A year later she added a sampler and a delay pedal. Further experimentation with electronics led to a fascination with the intricate possibilities of ensemble technology. “For ‘Subject To Change’ I built a box where people could press a button and record a question,” explains O'Hara the day after the Cafe Oto show. “To load the questions onto a sampler and I'd wear a dress with MIDI triggers. I'd touch parts of my body along the question and spontaneously make an audio to answer the question.”

A self-confessed autodidact, 37 Here rejects formal training: "And for the longest time I have resisted the idea," she continues. "I've tried to play a little bit but in my approach to music, I like the idea of being an artist making music as opposed to a musician. But of course the more I do the better I get. So I have to force myself to sit around."

Staped is, of course, something she is most definitely not. But she peppers her conversations with a barrage of self-destructive demands in an

effort to help you into thinking so "I tell myself first so you don't get a chance to," she quips. So in performance she'll blurt, "I just burped. I thought I'd draw attention to this so you just found me sexy." The cutting double bluff subverts the concept of the "sexy female performer", subtly undermining the often po-faced white male hegemony she has infiltrated, without entirely alienating it.


Playing on her mild dyslexia, she's set out the part of a story reminiscent as close as to what the machines in front of her actually do. "Oh, I have an idea, this will be good," she proclaims using the Café Duo performance, looking as if all her button pressing and lever switching is purely random. But all the time there's melody, rhythm and noise getting someone in for fun from unplanned chaos. "It's that whole thing about chaos in technology," she laments. "Well, saying, she can operate all these machines!" There's a comedic element inherent in all that she likes to explain. So even when it's in complete control (make it seem like it), like "I'm baffling the machine which is trying to take over the set."

"It'll call to me too much of a clown," she admits. "When I'm at these working I do love beautiful music. I have to remember to not let self-consciousness about being beautiful get in the way of me making something laugh. But if you're doing something stupid or personal or intimate, you can really feel free." Her recordings are very different from her live performances, the debut *CD* *It's Alive* featured exploratory electronics mixed with O'Keefe's strident dance-wrapped aggression. The self-released *Trip To Eagle Eye* was all gorgeous, layered, sensual interludes, rather than deflated mini-*CD* *Murmur* for *Brooklyn*, featuring guitar-driven songs including a cover of "Go With The Flow Again," by O'Keefe's sister's band, *My Morning Jitters*.

Her current album in progress features Sophie Trudeau on violin, Stuart Schneider and Michael F. Cobb on percussion, Bernard Felsen on guitar and Bruce Lipson on trumpet. But while music is certainly the lynchpin, it's not O'Keefe's ultimate goal. "I'm much more interested in bringing music to other kinds of spaces and audiences. What I do is off, kind of there, I bring comedy to electronic music events and really music to cabaret events. I feel lucky to get progressed of sound art or experimental music events, even though I feel like I have to keep my mouth shut lest my non-musicianism leak out."

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Lee Patterson on location in Oban, west Scotland, 2007

"It *is* quite into burning nuts," laughs Lee Patterson. "That's a nice little process. It's fairly sorted, you get different types of sounds. It's quite a predictable as well – you don't know exactly what you're going to get. You have a rough idea, but you don't know how the sound will develop, whether the nuts are going to equal or even create in some cases. Or whether you'll get a loop in balance and some kind of drop in pitch."

Nuts are just some of the everyday items, and all foodstuffs, whose sonic qualities that Maclean has investigated. His solo debut, *Seven Minutes*, uses electric toothbrushes, cigarette lighters, giant fire cones and burning hazelnuts as sources. But there's no element of novelty about the sounds, or the way they are generated. Patterson treats them with respect, leaving them unprocessed, emphasizing their judiciously and deploying them as nuanced counterpoints in the various collaborations he works on, most of them towards the electroacoustic range of the Improvisation.

Seven Minutes follows. Seven with Graham Halliwell, and *Way* with Phil Garmat and David Leary. Near the end of a track on the latter, Patterson drops Andrew Liver Salt's into contact-mixed wet glasses filled with water. "You get this beautiful sibilant fizz," he explains. "As the reaction subsides, the bubbles rise up through the liquid and rush the surface so it crosses the glass to rise, ever so slightly, it can be a beautiful figure of sound." The three days and a period in which Patterson's activities – he works in a shop, does audio and lives with the likes of Benedict Drew, Rhodri Davies, Helen Gough and David Toop – were documented only on limited CD-R releases.

Patterson's use of self-constructed instruments reflects his dubite instrument builder and improviser Hugh Downs, whose legacy is acknowledged as. For Hugh Downs, where he, Blank West and Adam Schuman play alongside to keep quietly unheard. Seven recordings. "Unfortunately I never saw Hugh

play, but I did! I need to," Patterson relates. "He did a tape piece with his Arabian harp called *Strato*, which is one of the Passage compositions [Versions 2: A London Computer]. Living in Manchester, there isn't – or wasn't, not that I was aware of – much going on. You gleaned what you could from odd second-hand CDs. It no longer took up a copy of that composition and that was a huge influence fairly early on. After that I started to build instruments and use objects as sound sources."

Built out of cheap or found materials, Patterson's "spring-roads," for example, are comprised of metal rods left behind by street sweepers, prepared with cigarette lighter springs and played with an F-bow on top of a wooden box resonator. He also works with a contact-mixed metal plate with springs attached to its edges, which are then blown or plucked. His interest in field recordings derives from a similar combination of relative poverty and creative inquiry. "I came to that way of working through not having any money to buy equipment," he recalls. "I didn't have traditional musical skills or abilities, or any musical training. So I had to find ways of finding interesting sounds. Rather than tramping halfway around the world to find some exotic location to make field recordings, most of them have been within a few miles of where I live, here in Manchester, or in my bedroom or on the kitchen."

Patterson has used field recordings in gallery and site-specific sound installations, such as his contribution to the *Wit Life* event in 2007 (based around the hill of Garsfield in Angli, west Scotland), which combined local recordings with his Arabian long string installation, which ran from the top to the bottom of the hill. Since then "that's a side of my practice that's fallen by the wayside. It's just the way things have gone. I've become more involved in live work and working with people like Lisa Fowler in film work, and in encounters with the environment." The collaboration with Fowler is a response to a libretto Young's Composition 10 (2000), which consists of

the instruction to "draw a straight line and follow it." The line had a straight road and with along it, fluting, recording and collecting objects along the way.

Drawing clear links between the ostensibly disparate strands of his output, he connects his field recordings to his use of everyday objects, and his investigations into the "resonance world of sound events" they contain. "A lot of the objects I'm using are discovered through a process of inspiration that uses field recordings. The field can be the site of a rat or it can be as simple," he elaborates, referring to the underwater recordings he has made with self-built hydrophones. "I use field recordings as a way of developing ideas, of exploring objects and processes, the initial starting point being using recording as an exploration of specific material properties of things. You can articulate these objects in terms of how you can gather sounds from them. It's kind of an ethnological process, because not only does the object become transformed, but your understanding of the world and these objects becomes transformed as well."

"I think the underlying factor is recording and listening, and the curiosity as to how things sound, the same potential of everyday materials. For me that's the thread that's deeper as the approaches. They're all ways of making fairly simple, but industrial northern England and suburban environments a little bit more interesting," he concludes, laughing. "Finding ways of gathering material. Taking that ethos of experimentation out into the world sounds like, as I wander around and collect stuff. You have to negotiate with the materials around you. You start recording with a contact mic and you realize that your entire environment has many, many different layers of being, and many, many different layers of energy and activity that you can pick up on through these very simple means." © *Turner* is on *Confront*, *Buyers* or *Golfers*. For Hugh Downs is on *Another* *Time*. Seven Minutes is on *Structure*. [www.leejonespatterson.com](http://www.leejonespatterson.com)



## Global Ear

A survey of sounds from around the planet

Jace Clayton and Javier Martinez enter a shopping mall in Peru's capital Lima that's a cornucopia of pirate music and movies, and witness the rehabilitation of psychedelic cumbia



Roaming shopping at Lima's Polvos-Azuules mall

Persistent grey clouds hover over Lima's sky. They roll in from the nearby Pacific Ocean, but have trouble clearing the Andes. The overcast grey translates into local popular song via ballads about the atmospheric significance of the bad weather. At street level, ambient noise, as the ad hoc transport systems carmen and coast-stained ballads.

Down on Las Centro General Polvos-Azuules, an unassuming, incomplete mall. Rusting metal pipes exitting concrete structures clutter its roof in simultaneous testimony to permanent becoming and economic straits. Inside, hundreds of stalls sell music, films, electronics, clothing, books, shoes, toys, food and more. The crowded, sedate, saturated periwinkle of Polvos-Azuules (which translates as Blue Dust) overlaid the streets, the experience less familiar because a Tokyo shopping centre and the Peru skyline. Any product that can be bootlegged is to be found here in digital form. You want the latest entertainment? You go to Polvos. Material arrives here weeks before the other parts. Lata operation as an open port and Polvos-Azuules occupies the centre.

Despite the efforts of the industry to pivot it otherwise, bootlegged music is still being taken from legally distributed goods: the unusual, tax-free mall makes that clear. Radiohead, David Gilmour, Goldplay, Raulo Aki-Sama – music that could never appear across Peru at accessible prices is here, in startling depth. (The archives of worldwide film and TV are just as deep. If not more so.) Yes, piracy happens in open air stalls and sidewalks the world over, but Polvos-Azuules represents the formalisation of the informal economy.

These travesties of bootlegged music don't circulate over the internet, most of Lima's neighbourhood web connections are either too slow or too expensive – usually both. Wholesale buyers from other cities and countries come by bus, carefully hiding their bags and skulls in various pockets of luggage so that if one is

stolen or damaged, the trip won't have been in vain. The logic – and data – of Polvos-Azuules is part of a trend that replicates itself in other cities, spanning thousands of miles from Colombia's Colombia to Patagonia at the southern end of the continent. The city's strategic position on global trade crossroads (on the Pacific, and near Chilean seaport Iquique, where everything from trash to electronics to used Japanese cars enter) means that the technology needed for copying CDs is incredibly inexpensive. Polvos-Azuules customers aren't paying for music, they're paying for the music it is carried on: plastic CDs and cheaply printed paper. It is at this the music which moves people.

For the last five decades, Musical Tropical has flourished in Lima, but the music scene of rural-to-urban migration and foreign rock influences. Tropical is a slippery adjective. At the end of the 1960s, it was used generically to refer to Peruvian responses to music from Cuba, Puerto Rico, Colombia and the Latin diaspora in New York. In the 70s, with the explosion of cumbia and the culture of informal migrants arriving in Lima, Tropical mutated into a style whose aesthetic sound is the sharp fuzz guitars (George and surf rock were huge in Lima then) and lyrics evoking the harsh being life of Lima at that time of social upheaval.

This 'colder' sound forced Peru's contribution to the continental cumbia boom. In it the guitar shaker and percussive sounds of cumbia were and to 1970s surf guitars and effects pedals. It yielded a crisp, modern sound, mirrored by lyrics of amores like Chacales, who sang a new reality – that of loosely country men who had moved to Lima, hoping for work that rarely materialised. Then when groups like the so-called Los Rimas represented indigenous Andean people, their music and arrangements and tropes, 'jungle' guitar riffs meant that their arrival into national popular heralded something truly modern.

Peru's boasted one of South America's most important record industries, peaking in the 1970s with countless cumbia groups. As Latin America underwent the media shift, conversion from LP to cassette to CD to MP3, Lima's formidable record industry was one of the first to disappear – but the scene's popularity hasn't let up.

Peruvian cumbia gained visibility in the West with Barrios Records' recent compilation discs *Of Chicha: Psychedelic Cumbia from Peru*. Released by a French-run label based in Brooklyn, New York, Roots

*Of Chicha* gave rise to a curious phenomenon. Seeing 1960s and 70s groups reinterpreted by a North American CD helped the kids of Lima's apocryphal barrios like Miraflores and Barranco hear the music differently. Now 'cumbia psicodélica' (psychedelic cumbia) – a marketing term promoted by Barrios – has entered Lima's slang, not to mention English usage.

Once stigmatised as uncultured and cheap, lower class music, the old cumbias have gotten some cool. These days, you can catch concerts in the well-to-do neighbourhoods starring legendary acts compiled by Barrios, such as Los Mirlos, as well as others – Grupo Colosio, Coopy Quinto and more. Brooklyn hip helped a younger generation foreground a previously underheard aspect of their Peruvianness. But cumbia is wide. The popular (and 'ancient') Peruvian cumbia of today is a bedrock of Rasta War, process of the Peruvian Tia-Mex Technocumbia cover (post-Salera, Mexicanised acid-riff and cowboy jargon), wearing electronic cumbia pop with Amazonian drums.

Out in the poorer neighbourhoods (barrios), cumbia has always remained strong, with discos and concerts every weekend. In this thriving scene one can hear the older groups (sometimes led by the children or siblings of the emblematic founders, like Los Destellos), and contemporary groups of recent years like Rapidos, Aguadilla and Grupo 5. Their brand of contemporary cumbia draws on Technocumbia, adding salsa and merengue influences and increasingly on reggaeton choreography.

Like musicians nearly everywhere else, Lima's cumbia groups earn a living from live show revenue rather than album sales. Pirate CD circulation and radio broadcasts as essential ways of getting involved in play goes across the city and into South America. In Lima, as elsewhere, basic piracy hits a solid and serves legitimate revenue rather than like it says.

The first argument is that original or copy, many haven't even seen a factory-made jemba CD. At this point is history, these types of questions don't interest them. So the booting market becomes a way of spreading cultural goods. There is no case, only the need to access music – and reveals and encyclopaedia and documentaries and on. Polvos-Azuules represents the formalisation of these informal networks of knowledge, pleasure and distribution, and cumbia is one of the many packets of data being constantly recombined and multiplied along them. □





For one show I used a theme from Messiaen's [opera] *St Francis*, and I tended to use music that was a sort of low in register, had a certain melancholy, that would let you in the solar plexus — that's one of the reasons I slowed it down.

"I'm not interested in music that will take people deeper into what's happening," he continues. "In the very early days, somebody saw one of my plays and said to me, 'Oh, Richard, I don't understand, you start this nice music and we all start going with it, and then you stop it. It's like you slap us in the face.' And even back then I'd say, 'Yeah, I want you to make up, I want you not to get sucked into where the music might take you.' What I like to do with the music these days is to suggest to people, just for a moment, that there could be music here — and it could take you in this direction — but of course, you want to stop that, before you get into that direction. So it's a continual suggestion of the possibility of music."

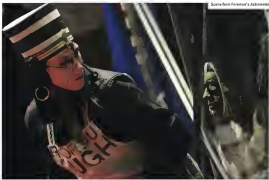
Back in the late 1980s, Foreman felt an affinity with minimalist composers like Philip Glass and Steve Reich, even presenting a early concert of their work at Filmmakers Glassworks. You can detect traces of early minimalist methods in *Sapho* with its tables of set-ups involving long periods of apparent stasis, with gradual additions of actors coming onstage to speak or move scenery. Foreman notes that, in his apartment, "in the old days I used to play two or three of my loops going at the same time. I liked hearing the different rhythms fighting each other and everything always changing, a little like what Steve Reich did in *it's Gonaïss* *Rico* — that was the background music to

my life, back then." In 1989 he directed Glass's opera *The Fall of the House of Usher*. "I've known Phil for years, and Phil's a very easy guy to work with, very hands-off. I would just stage it and he'd come in the last week just to see things and pay attention to the music. It was an interesting experience in that I got to do two totally different productions — the one in America was totally different from the one we did in Italy, in the Maggio Musicale in Florence. The second was... I won't say more abstract, but it was more far out in a way. The first one was sort of beautiful, almost a combination Romantic/art deco set, and the second one was in this big pink room, with many mirrors on the wall, it was just a wider production, which Phil said, for that reason, he liked better."

Foreman has also known John Zorn since the mid-'70s, when the composer "was friendly with a number of people who were actors — we called them 'devolves' — in some of my early shows when I had my left theatre on Lower Broadway at Broome Street. He used to hang around then, and that's when I first met him. He did a little tabletop theatre — I don't know if that was the first thing, but it was surely one of the first, in that theatre." *Antrax* was played by the power trio of vocalist Mike Patton, bassist Trevor Dunn and drummer Joey Baron (the CD, released in 2006, is used for the show's performances). While it's certainly unlike most of the music Foreman has worked with in the past (not to mention its lyrics, which consist solely of vocalises), the combination of Zorn's scorching Black Metal and Foreman's bawdy rap acts and musicalistic movements proves

to be synergistic. "I've got to confess, and John knows this, when I first heard the record, my first reaction was what the hell am I going to do with this? I mean, all I hear is this loud noise for 45 minutes," he laughs. "But of course, as we worked on it, I got to a point and I more and more, and get into it, and appreciate what was really going on, and I think I can only do that when I'm working on it."

As with his other opera work, Foreman left the music intact rather than excerpting or looping it as he would in his own plays. He says, "[Zorn] came to an early rehearsal and he liked it, and he was encouraging me, like most composers, to do much more, to interfere much more, and I don't like to do that. I feel I've got the music, I've got to deal with that." Foreman then added his own texts in the gaps between acts. "I put a few phrases in that were from his description of what he felt was going on in the opera that are in the libretto, and then one or two phrases that I added, but not much more, because when I do an opera or a musical I think the music's the thing. My main focus was to provide some kind of staging — obviously it stops sometimes and freezes, and you just listen to the music — but the rest of the time do a staging that's off the beat of the music, so you're really conscious of what the music is doing, rather than using the music to support that particular stage action. Thankfully John said that in the finished version he was able to hear many more things in the score than he had heard just listening to the music, which I take as a great compliment." □ *The Sapho/The Glass/35+ Year Retrospective* Completion DVD is out now on Track19.



Scene from Foreman's *Antrax*

## Invisible Jukebox

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##### "Wetter Was A Vegetarian"

From *The New Flesh* (V. 1984) (MCA) 1519

I have 58 and a half minutes to figure out what it is. Sounds pretty good. [Pause] Is this Marley Python's melody of pop songs or something? The shouting's got a modernist or latent on that Marley Python level. And then that's "Judy In Disagreement With Glasses" and... this goes on for 15 minutes?

Yes, it's *The Residents*.

Yes, it's *The Residents*. Those little rascals. Can you imagine all the rights, how many letters they had to put to the track [a melody of alternative popers], if they would have done it? I have a soft spot for *The Residents* and for a very good reason. One time when Dave played in Cleveland, Pete Dinklage's David Thomas said, "You know, you guys aren't the only guys who recorded 'Satisfaction'." And I go, "Really?" And he played us *The Residents* [1975] version and I thought, "Oh, our version is better but that's pretty good." But then I started checking out their stuff and I really liked them and a couple of years later we signed with the hippy manager named Eliot Roberts.

Ned Young's manager.

Yeah. I signed on because Ned Young told him to. He didn't really know what we were doing. But anyhow, we did our first tour over in England and while we were over there, you'd meet going bands who were interested in Dave and you'd talk to them and they'd give you a tape. And this band called the Human League gave us this tape, and they were really good. I went back to LA and gave it to Eliot and said, "I found the tape of this really great band you've got to sign, they're going to be really big." I played him the tape and he said, "If that music makes it big, I'll sign my hat." We said that exact phrase to me. After they had hit records on both sides of the Atlantic, he said, "Are there any other bands you like?" And I was like, "Yeah! There's this really great band from San Francisco called *The Residents*!"

I remember they played in Pasadena, and it was their weirdest thing I'd ever seen them do. I looked like they had the budget of a high-school production because they were all in leotards and stuff, and carrying this stuff around and people would run with a little flashlight. I looked so stupid! It wasn't like their ideas, because their ideas were kind of scary. And all I remember is Eliot, as soon as the show was over, walking up to me and saying "Don't ever record another band to me." [Laughs]

Probably all the time because they've ever did us. It's *"It's A Man's World"*, the James Brown song, where they had what sounded like an unaccompanied

little lab rat singing the song. [Just thought that was so excellent.]

#### Postal Works – University Of Ghana "Cancelling Stamps At The University Of Ghana Post Office"

From CD compilation to *North Of West* (Schlacher Publishing) 2002

That's just about the happiest people at work I ever heard in my life. Good God. And you know what, the postal system is alive and well in Ghana – sounded like there's a lot of letters being stamped. If, if they deliver with that much enthusiasm, maybe you'd start using postcards again, maybe. When people think of Dave, they don't think of an African component particularly. But there was a rhythmic component to it that was very strong. He thought of ourselves only on as *The Jetsons* meet *The Flintstones*. Jerry [Caulfield] came from a blues band, Bob [Lewis] was a hard rocker, and I was the acid scientist that was into all this weird electronics stuff. We had elements from both sides. There was this two week period where the one place where we were allowed to rehearse was Sooden, getting prepared. I sang out or something, which meant for a couple of weeks we couldn't rehearse. And we couldn't handle not making music for those weeks. Even though we had no job, and no foreseeable gig in the future, or anything, we just wanted to make music together. And I remember at one point we went to my brother Jim's apartment [David's original drummer] and we were just sitting around on a couch, and we had no instruments or anything, we just played all of the songs with our mouths and on the table. Jerry did the baseline for "I've Been Through" you and I did the synth part with my mouth. We've got the recording of that session.

It's funny, because people think of Dave as cynical, but we were optimistic. Because even though we talked about de-evolution, we thought people just need to know the right information and they'll make the right choices. We didn't think it was going to turn out the way it has turned out, as if today Machine Dero they thought it was going to be...

#### Brian Eno "Woe Slow"

From *Never Not* (Warner) 1972

I like the sound. I can't really date it exactly. That would be great to play live. Do you know what kind of instruments were used? It sounds like they might have been using circuit-bent toys... It's Brian Eno.

Mark Mothersbaugh was an art student at Ohio's Kent State University in 1970, when the National Guard shot at unarmed students in Vietnam War protests. The horrific aspect of that tragedy, along with a steady diet of low budget horror and sci-fi films, fringe religious literature and awareness of the Midwest's decaying industrial culture, gave rise to the concept of de-evolution, describing regressive tendencies disrupting human-kind's assumed progress. This dystopian philosophy seeded its first three exponents – Mothersbaugh, Gerald V Casale and Bob Lewis – into the group that would become Devo. Initially a garage outfit sporting dissonant electronics textures and postmodern nursery rhyme lyrics, Devo soon became the anarchic outcasts, avidly emulated by its founders. The group's first *The Complete Fresh About De-evolution*, in tandem with key appearances at New York City clubs in the late 1970s, drew the attention of David Byrne and Brian Eno, the latter would produce Devo's first album, *Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!*, at Caring Place's Cologne studio in 1979.

Devo's subsequent albums spawned hit singles accompanied by highly stylized videos featured during the emergence of MTV. Following the group's initial retirement in the mid-80s, Mark Mothersbaugh began scoring films (including the first four releases from director Wes Anderson), television shows (*Pee-wee's Playhouse*, *Phog*), commercials and video games. His work as the plastic arts continued alongside his musical output, an ongoing string of gallery shows featured, variously, manipulated photographs resembling Rorschach blots and night sporting imagery culled from Mothersbaugh's own sketches. (Recently he holds a drawing segment of the children's programme *Yo Gabba Gabba!*)

Devo's members have grown from sporadic dates to full-blown tours in recent years. The men in the yellow suits once more are invading global audiences that "de-evolution is real" throughout the first half of 2009, while practicing their first all-new recordings in several years.

The Jukebox was conducted in the circular control room of *At Studio*, the hub of Matista Music, Mothersbaugh's music production company based in a round, red and green road apartment on Sunset Boulevard in West Hollywood.





"Alan Vega takes my mic and hits it on the monitor as hard as he could... I asked: Why did you do that? He says: The artist reigns supreme"

at Kennedy airport on the phone and they closed the doors and we took off. So we were over there and we weren't going to have a bass player for another day and so Holger played bass and David Down and Brian Ena fooled around and we jammed for three or four hours one day and I've got the tape somewhere. Dene owes a lot to Brian Ena. Just for our survival, and messing to make it out of the club thing and actually make it into a studio.

#### Suicide

##### "Cherise"

From *Suicide* (Blond First) 1977

Yeah, I like this band. They were one of the first bands early on that I became aware of by just seeing them in a club in New York, and I was just mesmerized. Alan Vega was one of the best performers I ever saw. It felt like I was doing drugs just watching him doing drugs.

But, we *Do*, we, they were a garage band with electronics.

Yeah. [Riggs] introduced me to the New York arts scene in an interesting way. We both did two acts at Max's Kansas City one night and I had this brand new SM58 microphone, and he was looking at it, like "Hey, that's a nice microphone you got there." And they weren't nice microphones, they were stage microphones, 75 bucks back in the day. And he goes, "Mind if I use that for our act?" So I'm watching him and I'm really mesmerized by his show, and near the end of the set he looks down at me and takes my mic and goes up to the monitor and goes boom boom boom boom, about 20 times, hitting the mic on the monitor as hard as he could. When he got off stage he gave it to me and I asked, "Why did you do that to my microphone?" And he says, "The artist reigns supreme." And I was like, wow, that's pretty intense. I was impressed by that.

#### Perse Us

##### "Heart of Darkness"

From *Perse Us* (Big Wave) (JLF Unhappy) 1985 re 1995

What record by that? What year?

The recording is from 1975, I think, and it's from the club called Paradise Cove.

It sounds like Paradise Cove. My favorite stuff of theirs was all "Non-Alignment Pact," "Final Solitaire," "30 Seconds..." We were big early fans. They were the first act band we met, the first real band that we had any interaction with, and our interaction was that club, and our local club in Akron, The Crypt. I remember being really impressed at The Crypt once, watching Dave—I think he was still Everett Ruessch at the time—during "Final Solitaire." He had this hair like Larry from The Three Stooges, and he would reach up and grab a handful and rip it out for real! I remember thinking, wow, you can't do that forever! That's gonna be some dry.

Then we played a show at Paradise Cove, and [Drotherholm's] washed after guy, Ray, Ray came out in the middle of "Jocko Homo" with his suit stuffed really big, mimicking Crocus. We had these like gray short-sleeved Franzen's overalls with a zipper down the front and you peeled the whole thing off, it was like a leisure suit or something. I was singing

something really stupid, "Spuds" or something, and both Crocus and [Pete Ulan's] Peter Laughner were unhappy with it. And Peter Laughner said, "I put a curse on you Dene," and then made a big dramatic departure just after we finished "Jocko Homo." So the 25 people who were there were all like, "What? What happened?" It didn't really mean much. But after that, Crocus, I don't think he was my friend, I think he took it personally as putting on a fat suit. We didn't think it was funny.

But I liked all the early stuff a lot. But when he started singing like a bird twitting, [things like that, I kind of faded out on it because I thought they missed a calling of writing some of the best rock songs. They had three or four songs that I should be in the Hall of Fame for all time best rock 'n' roll songs.

#### Raymond Scott

##### "Don't Get Your Wife Every Night"

From *Raymond Scott and His Orchestra* 2000 re 1955

Who did that?

That's Raymond Scott.

Raymond Scott did that? That's pretty good? You were a trustee of his estate, weren't you? About six months before he died [in 1994]. [a journalist friend of mine] called me up and says, "Hey Mark, I'm going to go and interview Raymond Scott today, do you want to come along?" So we went out to the valley to the house, just a single story ranch house, and it had a guest house and the back that was his studio. The house was in pretty decent shape, and we met his wife Mitz, who was about four and a half feet tall and impressive in her own way. She'd ground her teeth all the way down to the gums as you put a new tooth looked like came off the tree trunk all through her mouth, and they had a couple of dogs. And she starts talking to us, and she says, "You know, I just met him in the '60s [sic]—he actually married me in 1967] and we never talked about what he did in the days of yore." I remember we were looking at our royalties a few years ago and I saw *Real Slims*, and I'm wondering, what's that? So we turned on the TV and said, "Raymond, is that your music?" And he goes, "Yes." And everything that was played, it was all his music, and I said, "When did you write that?" And he said, "A long time ago."

He wasn't being helpful with the interview. He would run into the room with his PJs on, and this was at four in the afternoon. He was sitting with his white hair sticking up and a guitar, and he would sit stuff like, "Hello! Goodbye," and he would run out of the room, and his wife would say, "That's what he wants him." She fed him lunch and he was in there eating something quietly with her, then she comes back and says, "I don't know if he's going to sing for the interview tonight, so let's go out and look at the studio. Would you like to see it?" And we're like, "Yeah." Out back there is a chicken shack, as far as four feet. It had no windows, and we could see that it was stuffed with tapes that had been mixed on—this was out in the valley, ranch, kidsworld, and there was no temperature control.

We went back into his studio, which had a big room and a little bathroom. And the Electrohome [Scott's

Brian Ena did that? Well, he did some of the best synth solos in rock, even way back then. The first Ray album he changed everything when he did "Edison Of You," where there's obviously not a keyboard involved, and I'm going, "wow, wow, wow, wow, wow!" When I heard that solo it took everything up to a new level. That was a very big moment in rock, I thought. Did he play when he produced Dave's first record? Yes. He put a loop on "Jocko Homo"—that "Okkadoyokachacka," with the singers from *Not Necessarily*, not Thailand, somewhere. Same place where the gamelan guys come from.

Bali or Java? The *Theraps* are monkey chant?

Yeah, the monkey chant. And he put that into... I'm sure the word "monkey" in the song set it off. But it was a really great loop to put inside the track. There was no MIDI, so we slowed down what we did a bit, and he put storm's piece of tape and put it on a speeder so he could speed the speed by hand, and he synced up the monkey chants for a little 15-second piece in "Jocko Homo." We ended up trying to do that on stage for the next tour, and it was ridiculous because we'd always be going too fast and have to slow down for the okkadoyokachacka.

I almost thought, I've had left his solo, when would our album have sounded like? Because we were totally obsessed. We'd been living with those songs onstage for a couple of years and we'd been betting everybody so when we got into the studio, we were over his shoulder the whole time—angle a little over-shoulder. We all already knew what we wanted it to sound like. But I've read in places where people say that the Devo production was probably his best album production he ever did.

And you did that at Casey Flaker's studio in Germany, right?

That's right. It was a pretty great time. The walls had [John covers from] all these bands that I'd never heard of, like Guru Guru, Mothers Milk, things like that. German Pop bands. They'd see a Kraftwerk or a Wire or a R.E.M. or a Devo, and their guys come and hang out with us for a while, and Dan... We ended up jamming with Holger Coudy over there. I've got a tape somewhere... Jerry missed the plane on the way to Germany, he was fighting with his girlfriend

self-built artificial intelligence composition synth] was right there. There were stacks of sheet music four feet tall that had tipped over and people had walked across it. There were stacks of acetates of his live radio show—he'd recorded all these performances like Ella Fitzgerald coming on and performing with The Raymond Scott Band, and that was the recording right there. If I'm on that acetate, only because he was running a recording of his shows and these things, and I, and he took it with him.

There was this guy that was the gardener who had long hair and was kind of like Graham Greene [John Walters's film] *Jack Dromingo*. He goes, "I used to be the gardener but now I'm the caretaker because there's no one here to look after things for Walter. I know Raymond had seven strokes, so he's not able to take care of things himself." And I go, "Well, what are those acetates?" And he goes, "Oh, they're from some radio show he used to do." And they're like those big platters... And he takes one and puts it on this turntable, which looks like it could have come out of a jukebox because it was a really big, primitive-looking thing, and he drags the arm down, and while he's walking over he steps on one of the acetates and breaks it. And I go, "You just broke one of the..."

And he goes, "There's hundreds of 'em here." That was his take on the whole thing. And he starts playing this acetate of an old performance of a radio show, and then you hear the music playing and you hear whatever's going on and we're like, "The acetate is coming off of the record. You shouldn't be playing it on that turntable." And he's thinking what's with these people, they're crazy. While walking round the place and we're in shock just seeing all this history. Just one man's intellectual archives all in total disheveled condition, with a wife who really didn't know anything about what his career was prior to 1973, in charge of things at this point.

Wasn't the Electronicum stored in a room with a leaking hole in the roof where you found it? Oh yeah, the ceiling was leaking. But there was a window with all the glass broken out, in his studio, and that turntable that was talking you about was right there, covered in dirt blowing in from outside. And the Electronicum was right next to the window, the back of it was getting the full effect of... and at the time that I saw it, it was kind of a work in progress, this piece of gear. Its original build, I think, in 1955, and it looks like it, because it looks like an old telephone operator's switchboard. Through the years he added a lot of added things to it, like a small keyboard. In the original pictures you don't see that there's a drawer that he added on later, and it had a two-active keyboard in it that you could pull out and play. He added an entire sort of tape machine, it might have been an information recorder. I don't know what it was. His machine had used it as an interface with a computer because the other thing that was there that wasn't there after he died, was a Radio Shack computer. I think it was a Teacdy. It looked like those early Macintosh computers—kinda email—and A had wires going from it into the Electronicum. But he



was not in any condition to turn it on, and I don't even know if it could have been turned on at that point, because everything was so dirty in that room.

I said, "Don't you think all this stuff should be in one place, safe, rather than just poking through it?" Don't you think somebody should archive the whole thing? And he was in agreement with that. The University of Missouri was contacted, who had an excellent program for archiving composers' intellectual properties, and they loaded everything up. At first I thought I'd better start transforming all these tapes onto digital, but then the first tape showed up and I thought, "I'm not the guy to do this. This needs somebody who really knows what they're doing." They need proper archiving people to take the tapes and archive them properly. So that was my earliest interaction. I met him while he was still alive, but he was kind of gone by then. And I ended up inheriting... we couldn't get anybody interested in the archive. I called up the Smithsonian and they said, "Why don't you take the Electronicum?" It's the first instrument that wrote music. It's the first music-composing machine in history. Raymond, even in one of his articles [regarding], I never wrote the same song twice. [The Smithsonian] guy sent me this photo and it was a picture that looked kind of like the last scene of  *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and he goes, "We have so many use-of-a-kind, historically important pieces of musical gear. We don't know what to do with this stuff. We don't know how to take care of it properly. It's just lying on top of itself here. We don't need another thing."

#### The Screeners Of "122 Men Of Fear"

From *The Screeners* (Cineplex/1979)  
Is that *The Screeners*? They are the grandest Hollywood used that never happened. We came out

here and saw all this stuff playing, like the *Weekend*, who were cute. All these kind of half-hearted political bands like The Oils. Then we saw *The Screeners*, and we thought, that's the real thing. They were awesome, their songs were great, they were formidable performers, and girls went crazy for that band. Girls loved them. They were doing all this really dirty, raunchy stuff, but somehow they were cute enough that all the girls just went for it. They were great performers with a really good frontman. Then they decided to make a movie. *Population Zero*. I think it was called, right at the time that they should have signed a record deal and just gone out there and defined what industrial punk was going to be. I think *The Screeners* are the ones that deserved recognition at what could have been the most important band from that era. Their music was excellent.

We came over really quick because we'd gone to New York and put up posters all over Manhattan, and we had these yellow outfits and a whole vernacular and a sort of usage that didn't sound like anything else they were hearing, so we quite quickly became a phenomenon in New York, where we weren't making any money but our agent let us always live, all the Rolling Stones, Brian Auger, Robert Frow, John Lennon... All these people would be on our great list. We'd have like Jack Nicholson—everybody wanted to see Devo in these days. So we left there going, "We don't have a record deal and we don't have any money, but we're doing something right", and we felt really good about it and we thought we were going to take over Hollywood, and in a way it did really well, but then, but *The Screeners* were the band that we were watching, thinking that's it, that's the band. They should have been. *122 Men Of Fear*. *Men Of Fear*. We're Devo at London Forum on May Day. They perform their greatest hits at ATP, Minskoff on May Six Out There.

# The secret

## This month, the Sublime Frequencies

label presents the ultra-wired sandblasting music of Syria's **Omar Souleyman** and the Western Sahara's **Group Douah** on tour in the UK. **Clive Bell** examines how their electric fusions of street level wedding and dance musics delineate the western and eastern limits of the Arab world, and reveals the extraordinary journeys behind their association with San City Girls' label

## life

I'm watching **Omar Souleyman** on YouTube, in a clip grabbed from Syrian TV. It's a push-the-front-out production: a hectic party where the cheering guests arrive astride a fleet of cabs. Then a dizzy array of dancers into the floor, women doing the shimmy in pink gowns and men twirling local tin-tin-fiddles, while Souleyman sits on a divan trading verses with another man in white robes and traditional headgear. The screen swarms with flashing Middle Eastern logos, with unrelated exoticons and Arabic text banners scrolling in all directions and getting in the way of the non-stop fun.

There's an air of desperation about Souleyman's music, not so much in his dignified, powerful singing but in the relentless keyboard riffs of his Syrian/Kurdish collaborator, Rami Sa'ad. Walling Arabic woodwinds and strings are sampled, compressed and patterned until they beg for mercy, then freed to run sleek across dubstyle loops. This is a new version of *Sublime*, the third Syrian band-leading edition, and Souleyman is the Dubai cassette king, with over 500 releases flying out of Syria's kiosks, MP3s, YouTube, video CDs of last week's wedding, whatever this month's bleeding edge news format happens to be. Souleyman is all over it.

New look from west to east: in the Arabic world, from the Levant to the Maghreb. The raw guitar folk-pop of Group Douah hails from the far western edge of the Arabic-speaking world, called the Western Sahara, home to the Sahrawi outflow. This vast chunk of the West African coastline, formerly Spain's one and only African colony, is divided between neighbours Mauritania to the south and Morocco to the north. Morocco has effectively taken over the area, encircling the winds of Morocco's

to settle. And as guitarist Douah, who grew up under the Spanish Infamy to imported cassettes of James Brown, Santana and Hendrix, now plays Salimou folk-pop as an ethnic minority within Morocco. The Moroccan love Douah's impassioned guitar songs, and his four-piece group stars at a southern Morocco festival circuit, in between filling floors at parties and weddings in his home town of Dakhla.

Omar Souleyman and Group Douah, both leading artists on the Sublime Frequencies label, are about to tour the UK as a noisy, flamboyant double bill. Accompanying them will be a package of Sublime Frequencies DJ sets, pop-vows and film screenings, emceed by Alan Bishop, formerly of San City Girls. "It's something we're doing reluctantly – we're not producers," says Bishop down the line from Seattle. Together with Arabic speaker Hosan Maget, Alan Bishop set up the Sublime Frequencies label two years ago, after 20 years of spontaneous night-in and rock 'n' roll shenanigans in the legendary underground trio San City Girls. Alan and his brother guitarist 'Sir' Richard Bishop, plus drummer and best part Charles Goshier (who passed away in 2009) were those Girls – "Three French-Fred, grass-ripped motherfuckers," to quote Byron Coley – but these days Bishop is notably contemplating the logistics of tour organisation for groups from the Arabic-speaking world.

"This thing has got us frightened," he admits, "because we are doing everything right, get the visas, and these guys can show up at Heathrow and the immigration officer can say 'I don't like the way that your head is shaped today, or 'four rhinos are wrong, so get back on the plane and go home'."

As a label, Sublime Frequencies has a certain reputation for ethnic exotica 'n' grab. An anonymous three-year-old Tibetan tat on the streets of Lhasa, busily singing for his supper, a "break-setting concoction of radio transmissions" snatched in Pisco Park, Cambodia, a DVD of Sushtrian musicians that culminates in footage of a jagged shoot-out, where the Free Aceh Movement actualises a government's massacre – these could only be on Sublime Frequencies productions. In the past I've had the odd quibble with their cavalier approach, but now I'd contend Sublime has matured into one of the best stimulating labels around, a worthy successor to the old school labels like Ocarina, Folkways and Nonesuch Explorer that they got the hat to in their mission statement. Shown last for raw sounds from unexpected corners of the globe has resulted in an amazing catalogue. Even so, it's one leap to swinging a nationwide tour for two groups that have being performed outside their backyards.

Bishop continues: "The only reason we're doing it is to these guys can take some real good money. That's the inspiration here, because albums don't cut it. The idea came from Chu [Chris Williams] at Du Jour [a UK tour promoter], who contacted me two years ago. I was in Indonesia at the time and it came out of nowhere. He said, 'Write up a proposal' so I sent it to him, he proposed it to the UK Arts Council [Boris] And Music, presently the Contemporary Music Network, and within a week it was approved. We were on board."

When I first came across Omar Souleyman, I showed the album to a Lebanese friend, Basim Saad, a



Grech and his compound in Dabbia, Western Sahara, 2008

Beirut-based musician who has contributed my taste and charm to meetings with UK supervisors such as Rhonda Davies and Eddie Frielotte. Saade has good ears, and his sensitivity to the microtonal intervals long valued in Arabic music leads him to fear that such Old World subtlety may suffer dilution beneath a rigidity of Western influences. His response to Souleyman is complex: at first he bars the singer with the same brash as the classic synth-pop merchants. But on further listening he pronounces that Souleyman is "a really interesting character," and trends YouTube for more examples. Finally Saade confesses he's hooked. When I press him for reasons, he says the group "really stick to basic traditional Dabke rhythms, generally in Baysi mode. They don't play minor scales, something most Arabic pop took from Western music. Plus the keyboard player adds a nervous electric rock 'n' roll feel, while sticking meticulously to something typically traditional."

Thanks to Bashar's Arabic, I am able to watch Ouseir's big number, his earnest-tastic video production "That's his big crossover hit from 2006," says Mark Gerges, a longtime Sublime Frequencies contributor who was responsible for signing Ouseir to the label. "He transcended the street-folk-pop deal and got onto Syrian television. His popularity has been on the rise ever since. He's still for him, he plays weddings and parties, that's his livelihood. But he has gained some success, especially in the Gulf—the Saudis like his airt, and he has flown out to Dubai, the Emirates, parties in Lebanon. Also just over the Syrian border into the Arab part of Turkey, where they like him."

Souleyman may be keeping some elevated company these days, but his music is still a frantic folk-pop beloved by the men and women in the Damascus suburbs, a regional style known as Dabke. Keyboard-driven and relentless, it's a slap-in-the-face blast of bamboo street party compared to the exalted delicacy of the Syrian classical tradition. Where Ouseir Souleyman rules is in the ubiquitous Syrian cassette boom, as Gerges explains. "I went to Syria in 1997 and had my ears open, doing field recording and trying to grasp the country on a musical level. Souleyman was one of the first things I kept hearing repeatedly; they used to have cassette stands competing with each other, blaring at top volume. I think they have an ordinance now!" (This rural stand-off can be heard on Gerges's Sublime release *Remember Syria*, another free mess of field recordings and radio collage.) "A lot of them were playing that really fast, musical Dabke. I'd heard a lot from the Arab world at that point, but I'd never heard anything like that."

On his home ground, Souleyman is an all-around artist. He's not from the capital but from my old in the north-east, the border country with Turkey and Iraq known as the Al-Jazirah. The bedouin melting pot of influences is part of what powers his music, and also what makes it controversial. Mark Gerges again. "In that region there are Armenians, Kurds and Iraqis, and in the Ottoman period there were different borders for Turkey and Iraq. You hear all of those separate Ouseir's music and for that reason doesn't speak to every Syrian. A lot of urban Syrians might see



Ouseir Souleyman at his studio in Hama. Photo by Ryan Sykes, 2006



"Keyboard-driven and relentless, it's a slap-in-the-face blast of boombox street party compared to the exquisite delicacy of the Syrian classical tradition"

Dear as cheap, they don't see it as high art, which they're interested in exporting, and they ask us, 'Why do you like Dabke music?' This is for taxi drivers, it's nothing." One Syrian guy we talked to, he's a music distributor for Omar and a young fan of British and American heavy metal. He said, "I know exactly why you like Dabke, it has a lot of the same power as Heavy Metal." And we couldn't argue with that."

Souleyman's look — mustache, 1970s cop shades, red and white check cotton keychain on his head — is instantly recognizable. The headlong rush of the songs is propelled by Rami Saïd's keyboards, but there are no bludgeoning meadous synths — they're Arabic drum loops and samples of traditional futes and lutes in Arab tunings. On Souleyman's *Highway to Koussouk* album, acoustic instruments do appear — notably the harsh, overdriven red fute dominates the a fifty ten minute version of "Ittiban" — but as a rule, the songs are propelled by the jolting samples. The keyboard can hammer out phrases in which every note is fortissimo, in a way no acoustic instrument can. However, this is not a simple Westernization of Arabic music, but the employment of technology according to the local musicians' own agenda: driving the Dabke tradition forward. An Eastern Saïd plays out, those bitter-sweet scales are the real Arabic deal, not the Western minor scales as easily employed by Arabic pop artists. And for all his modernity, Souleyman is deeply immersed in Syrian poetic traditions. On stage he performs the "Ittiban" pastas, first with his friend Mahmoud Baki standing nearby. Dressed in a suit, Mahmoud breaks off from chaussoning to whisper the next line of verse in Souleyman's ear, then the singer is back on the mic. "That's a long-running tradition," says Mark Gerges, "but I don't think it's done as much any more. The singer is a conduit for the poet. The analogy is if Neil Diamond stood on stage next to whoever he wrote a song for. People would say, what the hell is going on?"

Thanks to Skype, a few conference calls, I manage to chat with Souleyman at his home town, a rural city in north east Syria called Ras Al-Zayn. Another Lebanese musician is Italian, Raed Yassef, helps with translation, and before we hear Souleyman's voice a blast of Dabke music announces his phone is ringing. It turns out Souleyman, born in 1966, came to singing quite late in life. "I started singing Dabke in 1994, and my first concert was at a wedding. It's a gift from God, people here don't treat Dabke, it's inside their blood. Once they discover they have it, they start to sing it."

Dabke is essentially a party music, where people dance in a circle holding hands and do specific steps with their feet while moving the tempo. It's popular in rural areas all over Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Palestine. "They really know how to get married," says Gerges. "I've seen Dabke moves that are out of the world, where people are on each other's heels. It's ecstatic, I think for a lot of people, maybe as much as a Pentecostal service, or like you're in a pit at a hardcore show. Except it's a different kind of pit, where everyone is holding hands and standing next to their mother."

So how does Souleyman feel about performing to the rather different beast that is a Western concert audience? "I'm so happy to sing in Britain," he replies. "For me it's a new experience to sing for an audience that doesn't understand the language. In Dabke usually there is a lot of direct communication with the audience, when you do a wedding you mention the names of people sitting there, give salutations and interact with them when they're dancing. I'm so proud to present typical Dabke from this area, and I don't think that anyone did this before me."

I'm also interested in Souleyman's attitude to traditional instruments, he clearly still likes to use them to enrich the music when possible, and for the UK tour will bring a book (Kandish lute) and one player called Ali Shahr. Souleyman: "When I started I had five darboukas, book and maracas made. At that time in my area there were no electric instruments at all. Shortly after, Raed joined the group with his keyboard. I got rid of the five darboukas because the keyboard is more consistent for making the beats for this genre. Raed and I are from the same village, that's how I know him. I used to see him a lot with a Kandish band, and I really liked his playing."

Luckily, Rami Saïd is in the same room as Souleyman, and eager to talk. He is both a prolific Dabke composer and responsible for Souleyman's full-on sound, so what's his secret formula? "I like Korp keyboards, and every year I buy the latest one, because the newest is the best," he says. Saïd: "I use two, one for rhythms, one for scale stuff and to make the sounds. My first instrument was the only flute when I was 11. I was playing Kandish book of course, it's kind of our national instrument. My first keyboard in 1982 was a very small Casio, I started playing it as a hobby. The sound of my music came from the area I am from. I am between Turkey, Iraq and Syria, and I am a Kandish guy, and so I mix the four tastes and four styles together. It has something from each culture, this is the power of my music."

Chris Williams runs Du Jourkisses in Bristol with Mark Slater. The question of the right audience for this music is one that Williams is alive to, having already organized shows for the rabious ethnic Congolese group Kinoko No 1. "Normally," he says, "they would go down the World Music route, which can be weird at festivals and churches, but we just put them in a rock 'n' roll venue, made it a bit cheaper than normal and got a crowd that would get up and go for it. Generally that May it's a similar approach." And let the London gig be at the Turler Park Dome. "The best place to go if you're till and wanna get laid — this place is an absolute classic," gushes an online blogger. "I'm there, yay."

On the UK tour Allen Bishop throws in he will not be performing. "Mark and I will be doing a DJ set every night. That's about as close to performing as I want to get, although a lot of Europeans seem to think that DJs are performers or musicians in a sense [laughs], which has always baffled me." Also on board will be label partner Hubas Magnet, screening his brand new film, *The Palace Of The Winds*, which documents

Reedling croakers: Group Douah performing in Oukils, mid-80s and (to a right) 2003



Mayet's musical explorations down through southern Morocco to Mauritania, and the vast area between, called the Western Sahara. This disputed area contains the Sahrawi culture, strongly linked to Mauritania, but now under an uneasy prize imposed by Morocco. Back in the early 1970s this was Spain's only African colony, where a young Bassem Salawa, aka Douah, was listening to Jimi Hendrix and building his first guitar out of wood and steel.

Salawa Frequencies' contact with Douah is a seedling-in-a-haystack story that starts with Alan Irving homed over a radio in an Essaouira hotel room in 2005. His obsession with the stuff coming out of his radio informs many a Salawa Frequencies release, as well as *Son City Girls'* *Carnaval* folkloric series, on which the Girls juxtapose their own archive of rock jams with, say, a radio phone-in discussion of human sacrifice, or the kind of answerer who says, "I am here to stimulate the tents of your consciousness." Anyway, back in that Essaouira hotel room, Irving and Mayet, "come across a searing, brain electric guitar that cut through the air like a buzzsaw." It was Douah, of course, but no cassette vendor in Morocco seemed to be able to identify the glorious racket. The story unfolds in the slowmotion of the Group Douah album, and has Mayet working his way ever farther south, down the left hand side of the Saharan Desert. All he catches up in a town called

Oukils. There, a little boy leads him through the old city to a cheap-urn-studio, and over green tea, Mayet plays "Did For Dekkil" to the owner. "As the opening chords of that song blared through the baboon speakers, he looked at me with the most ecstatic grin and said, 'That's me!'"

Douah's music, like that of Ouarzazat's, is a heady blend, in this case of the American guitar rock he grew up with and the severe seven-mode classic Mauretanian carpositional system. Hashem Mayet explains: "The wonderful thing about Douah is he's able to stretch out and create these pop and rock elements on that foundation. It creates a nice ambient sound for the area. And he's definitely a gear-head, [w]hen he links with his pedals. He's got drive machines, and whatever else thing is coming out, he's certainly on top of it."

"Did For Dekkil" Group Douah's opening track, leaps out of the speakers like that Tam Waris song on *Mak* Woodlands when he seems to be destroying a warhorse. On "Don Don", over a phoned guitar in many G&B rhythm and punctuated by punky electronic keyboard dron fills, vocalist Bassem finds a light, melodic style with a strange whiff of Marc Bolan. Meanwhile, Douah's guitar certainly has some of Hendrix's shimmer, combining propulsion, viewpoint, ornamentation and cosmic phasing. The sound is raw and immediately infectious, and like Ouarzazat's.

Douah works for weddings, parties and most kinds of traditional ceremony. Hashem Mayet stayed several weeks with the family and watched Douah play a wedding. "We were in the most hotel in Oukils, in a big reception room, quite formal. There was a big projector and it panned around the room. There were maybe 150 women all dressed in their finery. For the first couple of hours the band was more background, but as the night progressed they became the centre of attention. Then they really kicked up some dust, the women started clapping and it became this interactive thing between the crowd and the band."

Douah will bring a quartet to the UK. His wife Isaline sings alongside Bassem, and his son Jamal on keyboards. A message to talk to Douah also, although Slope performs slightly less impressively on the occasion, we keep losing the signal for Douah's mobile in the Western Sahara, alas, each time we radio someone different seems to pick up the phone. "I miss you already!" Isaline is greeting in English. Douah's command clearly hits on open door policy, as Mayet recounts from having received much hospitality there over a three year period. "The whole community filters through his house. As everywhere in the Arab world, everything is very communal, visits, circles, neighbours, everyone is in everyone's house."

At last we can make out Douah's voice. "I'm homebound and enjoyed to be playing in the UK for





"The whole community filters through Doueh's house. As everywhere in the Arab world, everything is very communal, aunts, uncles, neighbours"



Ouseir Souleyman and Douah in Damascus, Syria, 2006

an audience that has never seen us. We played once before in France." How about "God For Dakhla", what is that song about? "It's a celebration of life in my home town, and a call to arms for the Sahrawi culture." How is the family business and the cassette dubbing shop? "It's improving every year! Last year I expanded the shop and put up a beautiful mural painted in Arabic and French."

The phone keeps cutting out, and some of Douah's answers are trending towards the nonsensical, but I say to him that he got his first guitar in 1976, he loves a fender, and he plays the small local 'tombi' guitar interchangeably with the electric, according to the situation. Though not as well travelled and beloved as Souleyman, he has played on the local festival circuit all over southern Morocco, as well as being the go-to guy for Dakhla parties.

The Bithags may be unlikely ethnomusicologists, but a passion for travel and simply avowing music has made Sublime Frequencies into a label that has to be taken seriously. These days 'ethnic music' (or whatever label's grating (or my poor listener is either served up as a go-go-faced academic pursuit, or targeted at coffee tables in glossy commercial packaging, and marketed as a tasteful white alternative to classical or rock. Sublime Frequencies, by contrast, have embraced there are a host of empty record-store shelves.

recessedly enjoying themselves in ways not dissimilar to San City Girls of old. The Bithags' grandfather was a Lebanese multi-instrumentalist, and the requisite twin boys grew up in Michigan surrounded by Middle Eastern party music. Now, it's as if the Sublime Frequencies catalogue features their extended family and musical allies. Literally in some cases: Alan's 10 years of research into Baoussé West Pan spirit ceremony music led to his starring a Baoussé exorcist, and *Muzik Of Not-Pan* is a highlight of the catalogue, a total immersion in brilliant cacophony. My other top tip is the *Pan Of Khor* DVD, three days of alcohol-fuelled Molai carnival in Thailand. This wonderful film should be seen by anyone with an interest in four-metre high ghosts in black and white masks, sporting giant wooden phalluses that you breathe with a lover.

Though they came from opposite ends of the Arabic speaking world, Ouseir Souleyman and Douah both operate similar strategies: they urgently record and release as much material as possible, usually on cassette. Sublime Frequencies's urgency is often linked to a sense that their favourite music may be on the point of vanishing. I'm struck that even though they have made their own recordings of Ouseir Souleyman and Douah, for almost as long they prefer to travel through the musicians' own cassette archives – that is where the truly wild stuff lurks. For the UK tour they will be bringing over a new Douah

LP (initially vinyl only), a new Souleyman CD, plus the original Souleyman CD (pressed as a double vinyl gatefold limited edition, and the aforementioned Palace Of The Winds DVD. Meanwhile, Alan Bithag is currently doing post-production on the final San City Girls studio album.

Relations between Western labels and non-top rope musicians have sometimes been too strongly bad, but at least Sublime Frequencies is small. Apparently Douah had resisted previous offers to release his music, preferring to maintain full personal control within his pretty restricted local area. The story of Hakeem Mayet's tense encounter with Douah, after breaking a once half of north-west Africa, is a dramatic one: the American showed up having unexpectedly discovered his quarry, Douah gibbered by such tenacity from someone who had never established across a couple of his tracks on the radio. "Our approach is such an awfully, B7T thing," says Mayet. "It's usually as alone and our contracts are really simple to understand. All these musicians that I deal with, they see a genuine appreciation for what they're doing, and that translates. These guys know whether it's something they want to deal with. It looks like a usual, very non-threatening situation, and it's a." □ The Sublime Frequencies tour featuring Ouseir Souleyman and Group Douah begins in Brighton on 20 May, see Out There.

On the eve of the fifth anniversary of his Hyperdub label, the elusive dubstep don **Code9** breaks cover to discuss sonic warfare, toxic sounds and strategies of dancehall resistance, in his own music and with fellow commandos The Spaceape, Bunai, Zomby, Joker and Pressure. **By Derek Walmsley. Photography by Jake Walters**

## enigma

## variations

"It's all sonic war," Code9 is saying, as we sit in a compact studio at his flat in a quiet corner of South London. Already this morning, at the Tube station, I have noticed the sunglasses and suspicion of a man glancing and staring furtively at the free evening newspaper – the telltale signs of a surveillance agent, doing the early shift on the first day of the G20 International sumo. While details of music is piped into the station as if to quell dissent from commuters Code9 could be a non de genre, then – the K inspired in part by Philip K Dick and Kafka. But in Steve Goodwin's next, tidy flat, it's serene, the only overt sign of threat being the police radio average occasionally pealed up on his monitor speakers. Records (Jungle and Garage) and books (philosophy, film, sound) are accorded equal wall space.

It's neat, but a little impersonal – a pointer for Goodwin's *Seven Samurai*, the soundtrack of which he has sampled more than once, is the only personal effect in view in the room. Perhaps it's a base rather than a home, because Goodwin holds several roles. As well as holding down an academic post at a London university, plus travelling extensively on DJ engagements, this year is the fifth anniversary of his Hyperdub label: its releases since 2004 traverse the wider fringes of British underground electronic music (Bunai, Zomby, Joker) plus mutant variations from around the globe (Sanyasi, Quarta 330), as well as works by Kevin Martin's Pressure and King Miles Sound projects.

There's a principled cautionness to Hyperdub – the label is, in every sense, curious. When dubstep was bogged down in too much stodgy bass, Hyperdub switched to crisp, super-light 8-bit electronics. In an era when dance music is generally self-estimated and consequently isolated, Hyperdub releases short, sharp tracks like acupuncture darts aimed at the pleasure centres. And the self-titled debut by Bunai – The Wire's album of the year in 2006 – was an auctionably overwhelming experience in a decade when sincerity is often seen as a sign of weakness. Meanwhile, Code9's own music has suggested viable escape routes from the electronic dance continuum's formulaic grid lock. When most London producers were bragging about bass weight in 2007, like kid's comparing their souped-up cars, "Magnetic City" and "Stung" took graceful agency in a slower speeder. More recently, the slithering synth and Latin-inflected rhythms of "Black Sea" and "2 For 1" suggest Herbie Hancock twirling out heavy psychedelics, be stoned and forcing his group out of their comfort zone.

Against his better judgment, Goodwin has recently decided to drastically increase Hyperdub's output. "Increasingly it feels like I am being used by the label, I'm like an agent of the label, which is why I feel nervous and paranoid constantly, because it runs as rigged," he sighs. "But that's just part of being in a system. It seems like it wants to grow, and I'm in a position where I can make that happen, so I just try and listen to what the label is trying to tell me in a sense."

Goodwin's eyes are heavy and tired after a trip abroad. With sunlight streaming through the window



Steve Goodman aka Becket at the Lightbox, London, April 2006



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and banks billowing outside, it's hard to envisage that this is the same room where, in 2006 with vocalist The Spacemen, they completed the film's share of the claustrophobic *Measures Of The Future* album. He has compared the process to groping around in the dark, which he doesn't see as entirely negative times. "I was really sensitive open that girl grooved off by 'too much light,'" he says. "I love that feeling, that intimate feeling of being in complete darkness."

"I saw you seen this Warner Home film, *Alot Of Blues*?" he continues. "The story was that all the actors were hypnotized, so they had this glazed look. And when I listen back to that record, I'm like, f\*cking hell, how did we get into that zone? Because it's really out there, really zany as you said." Isn't that the risk of getting possessed by music? "I'm not trying to resist it," he counters. "I'm jumping head first into the middle of it and getting fucked in the grooves. Getting mangled up, run ragged." It's certainly addictive; it's a certain something I'm interested in exploring."

Although Jungle and Garage are Gadsden's obsessions — "they rhythmically elements, the rhythmic singularity," as he describes them — his first musical epiphany was outside here. "I used to go to two clubs in Edinburgh at the place called The Venus. One was called Chocolate City, and the other was called Pump," he recalls. "It was about 27, 28 or something. Chocolate City was a club which played Rare Grooves, The JBs, Herbie Hancock, pre-disco The Funk, garage psychobilly, and I remember hearing certain tracks like Fred Wesley's "Blow Your Head," and the synth in that, and this was like some of my earliest drug experiences basically. These two clubs in Edinburgh," he continues, "basically I'm somewhere in the middle of these two things. An album which does this is the Miles Davis On The Corner album — synergistic groove and synthetic sounds."

Through his music and the prolific output of Hyperdub, Gadsden attempts to take the sense of this particular obsession. A self-confessed bashhead, he describes as detached, analytical, almost in a manner the particular effects his music and that of others have on the body and mind, and he sees the results to feed back into his and the label's work, like Miles Davis dropping microphones in his study and carefully tabulating the results.

The key to his engagement with music is sensation and intimacy. "There's something very intimate about people having things they didn't use to have in," he says. "And that process of finding their feet, when people are open like that, and experiencing with the movement of their bodies." It's not just a personal sense of intimacy. "I like watching each dancer," he declares. "That's why I do a certain way because I like watching people dance. Someone who is completely possessed by a rhythm takes on this lightness, this fluidity of movement. So it's more this complete amnesia of the music. There's a redistance between the dancer and groove."

Dariusz (of dubz), but also in general) exerts an equal fascination. "I'm really interested in how you

navigate the world when you can't see anything," he says. "How you orientate yourself in a world when you're blind and how it forces you to use the intimate sense of feeling and hearing. How it intensifies your sense of touch. That's a theoretically and musically really interesting to me."

Recent Kefau and Hyperdub releases have found inspiration in 1980s funk and synth. His most recent Hyperdub LP, cooping "Black Sun" and "24 Hour Game", features wildly pitchbent notes cawing out of the air. But the connection is to the body rather than to nostalgia, like a drug user seeking a precise, personal balance of highs, lows and far-outs. "The frequency of those sounds has a weird effect on me," he explains. "It kind of gives me a bit of a tingle, which I've started to actively pursue — the sounds which give me that shiver."

"What's still interesting and vital in futurism," he continues, "is just a desire to make and hear something, and combine and synthesize things that will produce new sensations, new feelings, new rhythms. That's the core of futurism for me, not just a fantasy of how the future is going to be." The more synthetic the tone, the more it can be experienced as pure sensation. "The more you hear someone trying to get together with a guitar you can't help but are a fucking guitarist doing it," he declares. "But a synth, because the sound is more abstract, because it's not made by someone hitting something, it's someone modulating a current. It's a more abstract sound, so it's coming to you less connected with the image of the person making it. So the worst (referring to the "Rusty Warm" of The Ono Players' funk classic) can manifest itself in its true abject glory."

Choosing sensations is one approach to a dilemma facing all listeners these days — how to navigate a path through the near infinite quantity of new and old music available through technological channels. "The best tip of doing something new and I don't bring new any more is so small, to the point where it's almost flipped over to where everything is being pre-empted," Gadsden agrees. "That's the downside of Web 2.0, isn't it? That everything essentially becomes a text. You just Google something, play around with the words a bit and you've pre-empted five, 15 different games. I remember mp3.com used to have this genre generator. And it would come up some random combination of words — like 'Hyperdub', for example," he jokes.

How does he deal with this overload of sense matter? "I prefer the metallurgy comparison," he replies. "You've got all this mass of stuff going around, and you're looking for those bare elements in order to start it together. You might hear some synth line in some 50s funk thing, and you hear it in John — that's the thing that allows you to play them together, to connect them." Gadsden is a relatively recent addition to the label: he was contacted on the basis that the vocalist of their track "Head Yaw" hit the glossier circuits. "Now I see the bits you like, you get so far away from the bits you don't like, because they can have a toxic effect on you, on your soul inside. You

get possessed by some of these musical metals, they get in your blood and then you're fucked. It's following the flow but constantly trying to engineer the flow into something that's going to work in the present... If it's not just my orientation, it's maybe a general orientation," he explains. "Which is why futurism isn't so big these days."

With the current state of information overload, the future and the present seem to be merging. At the time of Kefau's album debut with The Spacemen in 2008, however, the future was more like a presence looming over the horizon. *Measures Of The Future*, as the title suggests, was fascinated by alternative chronologies of progress. Its cover image resembles the roof of a space-age refinery terrace, but the sodium-lit building could equally be set in a desert — given that no signs of life are visible — some pitiless, deserted monument to a future already past.

With dread-filled headlines lingering along on the half-bent — "For the no-bend" jokes Gadsden — the album sounded as though paradise had seeped into the molar processes of the way the deep of London's buildings attacks your bones. While Burt's self-titled album was bending with unrepentant emotion, *Measures Of The Future* felt inert, paralyzed by paranoia. But both releases pushed back the psychological and aesthetic limits of London electronics.

Gadsden's obsession with "bass externalism" began after a brief spell living in London in the mid-80s at the height of Jungle. It became part of the Cybernetic Culture Research Unit (CCRU) at Warwick University, where race as a cultural phenomenon was extensively discussed and theorized by the likes of Nick Land, Sade Plant and The Wire's Mark Fisher. "Hyperdub" was an idea at first, and later, under the banner of the century, a concept behind a website. "Bass, mixology and accelerated rhythms, if you want to distill the essence of 'hyperdub'," he states. He released in early production on the Tempa label, "Fat Larry's Snake" with Benny D of Rasapower, hosted the RPD's "bass label" to the club of the same name, or Rime FM, the long-running London pirate station.

The genesis of the first album was in 2004, when he shared a flat with The Spacemen in a tower block overlooking South London. "I was playing around in the studio, and as I thought, 'Why don't I try and do something better?' I said, 'Pick your favorite record and read the lyrics and f\*ck with your voice.'" The effects were a way of breaking what he calls the "unharmful moment" of sound. How does he use an analogue with his taste for the dark, far anarchy? "Well clearly I'm showing more face than I used to," he laughs. "But I draw the line at the eyes."

The resulting track, "Sign Of The Times", was the first release on Hyperdub — loosely based on the desktop session of Pinnock's track of that name, and later referred to as "Sign Of The Times" or "Bene". It was composed of nothing but a pulsing sawtooth, patterned vocals slowed down until you can almost

hear the valve, and abrupt reggae chords throw into the mix like stones hurled into a well. The dread of the album which followed is two-fold. The Spaceage's deliberately pitched-down, muffled vocals recall the Mass of Prince (Part I). There's also a sense of impending doom, the "sense of the future in the present", as Goodman terms it. "It's the beginning not the end that we have to reach for," intones The Spaceage in "Glass." The nodding, wistful-laden lyrics suggest an opaque, private language, could this sophisticated sense of dread be seen as pretentious? "Pretentiousness is never something that's worried us," Goodman replies succinctly.

After the disco-laden urbanity of Kodak and Hyperdub's early releases, much of the music of the last two years has been synthetic and surreal. Quarta 330's "Sunset Dub" is a turning point, a crisp 8-bit boogie like P-Ark on Stylaphone. Subsequent releases by Benika, Zinky and Sanyas have moved away from the plastic arts of much contemporary electronic music, where Profusion-style synthesis is used to sculpt the raw sonic matter. They mark a return to tones where you can feel the grain of the circuitry, where technology plugs directly in to human sensation — "hearing circuitry crying, hearing circuitry singing," Benika — who created Hyperdub by sending unswitched electronic vibrations of her early works — makes tracks fractured into dozens of fragments, changing direction as if they're mutating before your ears. Sanyas is a West Coast hip-hop producer from the Pyrex Labs or a DJ's school of beat-driven bliss, although his tracks sound like they're slowly percolating through crumbling circuitry.

The Bbs funk of Cassie and Beebe is a major feature of Kodak's current DJ sets — he refers to them as "an organ and their synthesizers involved. It's kind of an event and blood and no machines... definitely overlooking with drums." The appeal is obvious — Bbs funk is a poly-drug wistful existence, suggesting possession by cocaine, champagne and sexual desire all in one. More recently, the label has tapped into the disco-style rhythms and overwrought sensuality that characterize UK Funky-era releases such as LB's "Woodblock" and Kodak & LB's "Sad? 72 Beat".

"The label has developed this own style... everything is glowing with this toxic vision," he enthuses. "We're putting together this compilation [referring to a fifth anniversary retrospective of Hyperdub's activities]. It's almost like the dread stuff has got this sense of impending doom and the other stuff is after the event happened, and everything is like the Ready Link advert. It's got this glow of indecisivity I'm just trying to picture what world this music has come from. Because it's clearly not from this world, not is a straight-forward sense anyway."

For Goodman, toxicity can be positive or negative. And for all his fascination with the body, new sensations, including the experience of dance itself, can be a novel blessing. "The ecstatic music and dance were separated out of everyday life and forced into

the split between work and leisure, and forced into the weekend, then something changed," he says. "But I suppose what I find interesting about it is the subversion. There's an interesting quote by Friedrich Schlegel, the German romantic theorist, written in the 1830s, at the height of the Cold War period. It's a fascinating line: 'Disco are preparing our youth for the reaction speed's necessary for World War Three.' So the disco is like a training ground for upgrading the human nervous system, being able to react to sensory information faster. There's a kind of upgrading of what a body can do, which I think is where this uterine can come from."

Goodman discusses the idea of the constructive versus destructive power of sound in a book he has been writing for some time, called *Sonic Warfare*. "I was kind of interested in the way sound is used to change the way people feel, particularly in relation to fear," he explains. "It's the most potent of all the sound design, manipulating mood using tone."

"The book," he continues, "is like an intergalactic war between two kinds of musical cultures: on the one side, who are waging their own sonic war, building their own models of collectivity, building their own media platforms, and on the other side the US military using sonic weapons in Iraq." He gives another example of the Israeli air force emitting fear in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank through the use of sonic beams — aircraft coating airspace with shock waves. "I'm not into war in the book, it's just something I was aware of. It's just different modes of using sonic weaponry: one to bring people together, and one to literally disperse crowds."

Media theorizing often sounds like an attempt to categorize and codify anarchic reality, from the distant comfort of ivory towers. But Goodman doesn't accept himself from the picture of general chaos he describes. "Certainly all musical and sound culture operates violently. I don't think there's anything controversial about that statement," he says. "I think that's just the way music culture works, that's the way record labels work." His engagement in academics and dance music is thus not an attempt to look practice into theory or vice versa, but seen as a symptom of his compulsion to take every aspect of his engagement in music as far as it will go. "It's not in control," he happily admits. "And that's the problem. You always feel out of control, spread too thin. It's like you're spinning lots of plates, and they're always wobbling on the floor."

"The more nervously exhausted I become," he continues, "the more sympathetic to the idea of under-explored music, of being off the radar or away or another becomes. Being part of a scene and so many and part of a totally overloaded media ecology that is London. You do want overstimulation constantly, you crave it. Capitalism wants you to be constantly amazed."

"And it's exciting, I mean, it really just possesses you. When you're plugged into the system, you just get wound up tighter and tighter and tighter. You

know what it's like in London, there's never enough time for everything. I'm already doing four or five what essentially could be full-time jobs. So you just want to cram in as much as possible... I'm wired up in a way that needs overstimulation. The Curo always had an interesting idea: what happens when you accelerate a system, and what happens at that limit. And it's a treacherous territory, because that limit could be your nervous exhaustion."

At one point Goodman describes his multithroated role — producer, label boss, academic — as "trying to operate transversally". It is a less analytical moment, it's "humming around like a headless chicken." The music of Hyperdub.com is in a state of flux, as if accelerating the output has brought it to some turbulent, unstable state.

Listening to forthcoming Hyperdub albums by Benika and Darkstar both sound as though they are overloading with juxtapositions and acute angles. Darkstar suggests two-step Savage drawing in its own melancholy while Benika gives 8-bit melody the emotional weight of Detroit Techno. A third album by Benika, whose relative commercial success has allowed the exclusive South Londoner to give up his day job, is currently in its early stages. It sounds astonishing in parts. Listening to the mutated sounds is like unravelling a screwed-up reel found on the street. There are even echoes of European raw music of the Mass of Fear's "Don't You Want Me" or BBE's "Seven Days in One Week", which suggest connections in his music outside the perpetual UK reference points of "Anthem/Jungle/Savage".

The turbulence and nervous exhaustion are all part of becoming possessed in the first place. Known as he is to stress the viral nature of music, Goodman is happy to be a carrier himself. "It's a kind of abstract machine which spreads through populations, and possesses people," he says, "and I don't think it's something we should be scared of. When you get inside a music to dance to, you get a lot of information in these moments. Not conscious information, but information about rhythm and feeling and sensation. We get these small compressed doses. People call them epiphanies. And that's like the moment of possession. It can keep you interested in a music and get you to make it for years."

"A kind of neurosis as this of Philip K. Dick body, Vain — he keeps getting these messages beamed down from God," he concludes. "Anyway in this short period of time you have all this information about rhythm and texture and tone and movement and what your body can do. Like you've been injected with this information... and it's a tremendous information, and you spend five years trying to decode the signal. This process of decoding might involve making it, writing about it. Curiously is the symptom of the fact that you need to work out what the God happened." □ "Black Sun? 72 For Sami" is out now on Hyperdub. A Hyperdub compilation and a new album by Kodak & The Spaceage are due for release this summer. *Sonic Warfare*, *Sound, Affect And The Ecology Of Fear* will be published by MIT Press in November.



"Everything  
is  
war.  
It's  
just  
different  
modes  
of  
sonic  
weaponry: one  
to  
bring  
people  
together,  
and  
one  
to  
literally  
disperse  
crowds."

## The Primer

A bimonthly guide to the selected recordings of a specific music phenomenon.

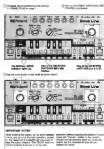
This month:

### The Roland TB-303 Bass Line

Peter Shapiro surveys the squiggles and squelches of the Acid explosion, from the heroic abuse of an obsolete Japanese bass simulator, to the man-machine interface of Acid House, to the wistful reminiscences of AFX's Anaford series.

Illustration by **Savage Pencil**

#### 3. INITIAL SETTINGS



"Set the control buttons on the panel as shown"  
—Roland TB-303 User's Manual

Leathed and loomed in equal measure, the Roland TB-303 Bass Line is one of four or five synthesizers that can rightfully claim to have truly altered the shape of music. No other make and model of an instrument—whether acoustic or electric, analogue or digital, monophonic or polyphonic—has been so inextricably linked with one genre of music as the 303 and Acid House. The only real competition is probably the Technics SL-1200 turntable and hi-fup. In fact, despite all of the software emulators that imitate its sound, the fact that other synthesizers are capable of producing very similar sounds, and the reborn 303 (the MC-303 Groovebox) put out by flouted to capitalism on the seemingly reverend disc of dance music producers to create variations of the Acid blueprint, Acid House is the Roland TB-303.

Of course, this did not happen by design. Acid House's druggy, dirty psychedelic but intensely physical sound, characterized by the 303's heavily distorted, corrosive squelches, was not a sound intended by the 303's designer, Tadao Kikawada, but was instead the result of some kids from Chicago randomly playing around with the 303's array of pitch control knobs. Indeed, the transient Bass 303 was intended to be a portable bass accompaniment for solo live musicians or dance recordings. Sadly, it was miserable at this task: It was complicated (you played the 303 by using the 16 keys that spanned a one-octave range and set a tempo without any visual reference), had very few features (no oscillators, decay control, resonance, low-pass filter and accent buttons), didn't sound like a conventional stringed bass, and was even originally shipped to the US and the UK without an English instruction manual. And these knobs—what an earth was a single-fingered supposed to do within envelope modulator?

Introduced in 1983, the TB-303 was a resounding failure. Roland stopped production of the cursed little silver machine in 1984 after only 25,000 units were made. However, those cyclic knobs were its salvation. Inspired by its one-octave range, the 303 could be very aggressively reprogrammed. And within this restriction, an entire universe of sound could be created. While the 303 sounded nothing like a bass, by turning the knobs the way and that you could produce harsh, piercing sounds that ranged from bile bubbling up from the abyss to a blustering

baroque riff but were also somehow still slippery enough to move bottles on the dancefloor. The sound became dance music's answer to guitar feedback: a catalytic agent that was able to trigger both bodily and psychedelic release.

The 303's history can be effectively divided into three stages: pre-Acid, the discovery of Acid, and Acid professionalization. The pre-Acid phase dates from the machine's release in 1983 to 1988, when the machine was used largely according to its manufacturer's instructions and you wouldn't glance at it twice if it twinkled its scanty look at you when you passed it in the street. The Acid phase lasts from 1988–98, in the immediate aftermath of the epochal discovery of the squelch, when the producers owned like young teenagers taking their first trip on a released scooter and had no idea how to control the damn thing. The Acid professionalization stage encompasses everything since then, a period in which the squelch grew tamed, was reconstituted again and again and again, and has become demystified by highly skilled DJs and producers who can afford the ridiculous price 303s fetch on eBay and the scores of software emulators that have emulated the sound in user-friendly interfaces and pre-programmed squelch patterns.

The pre-Acid phase begins with records like Imagination's "In the Heat of the Night" (1983), Blackmore's "Living On the Ceiling" (1983), String Juke's "Big Ritz" (1983), DAF's "Verschwendung Dens Jugend" ("Waste Your Youth") (1983) and Paul Haig's "Jupiter" (1983), which used the 303 to create truly standard synth basslines that either became (Imagination, Blackmore, String Juke and Haig) or plummeted (DAF). Section 25's "Looking For A Hit" (1983), however, played with the 303's pitch knob to create a wavering, eerie baseline that lent a "wind across the moon" feel to a synthscape that otherwise evoked the known new world basslines of Wendy Carlos's score to *A Clockwork Orange* (the group would achieve a sound this close to Acid on their 1988 American tour, as documented on *From The Hip*—in *The Flash: Live In America* 1988). The genre then, Needless said the wavering line (the group didn't use it as the baseline—that was played by a different synth bass)—is a rather different carried as "Jan-On" and created the "wide-evil" sound







Shannon's "Let The Music Play" (1982)



Mantronix's "Bassline" (1984)



Alexander Robotnick

#### Heaven 17

##### "Let Me Go"

Vinyl 7" 1983

#### Shannon

##### "Let The Music Play"

Single 12" 1982

#### Alexander Robotnick

##### "Problems D'Amour"

Two Stars 12" 1993

You could first hear the 303's silences at work on the bassline of Heaven 17's "Let Me Go." Sure "Let Me Go" sounds at points like Pink Floyd gone synth pop, but the bassline gurgles awesomely like the wah-wah guitar on some of Miles Davis's 1970s records and launch it out of the realm of the ordinary synth bass used by Heaven 17's contemporaries. One of the truly great angles of the 1980s, Shannon's "Let The Music Play" coaxes the Section 25-saver with Heaven 17's wah-wah proto-squash to create a halting, slithering groove that not only echoes the restlessness of the song's protagonist and her love

object but also created the perfect response element between disco and electro.

Alexander Robotnick's (aka Mantronix) "Problems D'Amour" is, of course, one of the pillars of Italo-disco and one of the heaving blocks of House and Techno. Giam used the 303 to create a party, percolating groove and modulated the lines so that it approached Acid House's squelch, albeit without the severity of other worldlines.

#### Mantronix

##### "Bassline"

Strongly Buy 12" 1984

#### Ice-T

##### "Squeeze The Trigger"

From *Three Peas from a Pod* 1997

Strangely, the 303 has almost no presence in hip-hop. Capable of raucy, snarling bass sounds, the 303 would have been perfect in the pre-sampling age when hip-hop writers were creating beats with razor-sharp angles and chest-driving bass. Run-DMC

Mantronix was one of the few producers to capitalize on its potential. "Bassline" uses the 303 to create a sub-bass rumble that is slightly tweaked so that it approaches full-on-squash. The instrumental is simply awesome, and you can only wish that it wasn't wasted on MC Ice.

On Ice-T's "Squeeze The Trigger", the 303 is much deeper, more traditionally bass-like than on any other record included here. While there is a certain fat (but not "fist") Berne Worrell quality to the bassline it produces here, its slightly inexact lack of flexibility is evidence of why the instrument failed to find favor among hip-hop producers. But its rigidity fits Ice-T's more angular edgy style as shown here as he was transitioning from old school robotics like "Gold Wind Madonna" to the more typically West Coast style an album like *OG Original Gangster*. While it lends a certain menace to "Squeeze The Trigger", you can't help but wonder what would have resulted if the 303 was used by some of the judderingly mental mid-1980s East Coast artists like Just-Ice or Tuff Crew.

#### Sleazy G

##### "I've Lost Control"

Two Stars 12" 1988

#### Phuture

##### "Acid Tracks"

Two Stars 12" 1987

The first two Acid House records, and still the two greatest 303 records. Even as the 303 squelch has since become the realm of complete and utter genocide, these records are still startling — one can only imagine the effect they had at the time. Even if "Problems D'Amour" harked at the squelch, "I've Lost Control" and "Acid Tracks" still came out of nowhere, and are so strikingly weird garbs that they belong among a unique class of releases of technology that have redefined music. Les Paul spending up the tape on "Kiss High The Moon", Galt MacPherson discovering feedback, Grand Wizard Theodore finding the record on his turntable and happening upon the scratch.

The story of some kids in Chicago stumbling upon the obsolete TB-303 and summoning the now trademark squelch from the machine's howls by randomly turning the Resonance, Envelope, Modulation and Decay knobs has been told so many times it doesn't need to be repeated here. That they heard dance music in these salacious nightclubs and infernal ballrooms is a mystery that my never be explained, but clearly they weren't alone, and at Ron Hardy's Music Box club these identifying but mesmerizing records complemented the druggy vibe. Both tracks were played by Hardy on tape long before they were released on vinyl and initially cleared the dancefloor (as you'd imagine) before the crowd went enlightened to the weird new sound and entered in a worldwide craze. While "I've Lost Control" came first, it was Phuture's "Acid Tracks" (originally titled "In Your Mind" but quickly re-dubbed "Ron Hardy's Acid Tracks") that really drove the club crazy. Whatever the origins of the term Acid (there are at least 15 different versions of its genesis), the twisted 303 sounded like someone had poured battery acid over a synth and

its circuits were shorting. "I've Lost Control" is the darker and more dangerous of the two records, but its portentous vocals undercut its force a wee bit. "Acid Tracks," on the other hand, works up a fence (in all senses of the word) groove and is unrelenting in its forward motion.

Both records were produced by Marshall Jefferson. "I've Lost Control" is a collaboration between Jefferson and Virga, while "Acid Tracks" was the work of DJ Pierre and Carl "Speaky" Shelly, with Jefferson in the producer's seat merely slowing down the tempo a few bpm. About the two records, Jefferson told David Toop, "Really, I was trying to get a mood something like the old Black Sabbath records or Led Zeppelin." Acid as doom metal makes a lot of sense, as they both share a claustrophobic atmosphere, slowed-down vocals (at least on "I've Lost Control") and the rip of "Acid Tracks." "Your Only Friend" and general nihilism, except that "Acid Tracks" and "I've Lost Control" are both way more scary, intense and just plain fucked up than anything by Black Sabbath, Electric Wizard, Sun O))) or otherwise.

**Armande**  
**"Land Of Confusion"**  
 Herbstock 12" 1987  
**Joe Smooth**

From Jackin' House: First Release 7-UP 1989  
 Armande's "Land Of Confusion" was the third Acid House record and is probably the most technically proficient of all the early Chicago Acid records. Armande's stringent 303 hook kept toward the Acid Trance sound of the early to mid-1990s. He also got more attack and range out of the 303 squelch than did his immediate predecessors, and even more than "Acid Tracks" — this may be the record most

responsible for Shelly and the Second Summer of Love. Of course, the drum programming also helped, and the lock and tam-tam patterns on "Land Of Confusion" are nothing less than definitive House beats. Maybe lacking the wireless factor of "I've Lost Control" and "Acid Tracks", this is nevertheless one of the truly great House records.

Joe Smooth is best remembered for the gospelly "Promised Land", but his contribution to Acid is no less important. He co-produced one of the genre's landmarks, Tylen's "Acid Over", co-wrote another (Meters & Endless Pleasures' "The Polar"), and was solely responsible for one of its obscure gems. Rather than as an end in itself, the 303 baseline on the sorely underrated "Reign" is merely coloration and texture. A fairly generic, gently upfifties 80s Chicago House tune with plangent keyboard chords and saccharine African vocal sample, it would be remembered only as the underplayed track in some *Acid 101* page were it not for the subtle use of the 303, which gurgles and burbles like a hot tub rather than the usual rip-pur-pur-fuck-out val of Joe.

**Kevin Saunderson**  
**"The Grooves That Won't Stop"**  
 KMS 12" 1988  
**K-Alan Shelly**

**"Vertigo"**  
 Inhouse 12" 1989  
 Detroit's two finest contributions to the Acid sound (even though Shelly is from Chicago, "Vertigo" was released on Derrick May's Transmat label). While Shelly has more of a jacking sensibility than Saunderson and, as you would expect, Saunderson's is the more streamlined, pop-oriented of the two, the two tracks share a use of the 303 as a rhythmic catalyst rather than freestuck inducer. Listened to side



K-Alan Shelly's "Vertigo" (1989)

by side with "Vertigo", "The Grooves That Won't Stop" sounds rather gassy with its comparatively lush production values and background synth line that for some reason puts me in mind of some decadent jetset pleasure palace. Resilience aside, "The Grooves That Won't Stop" is a masterfully crafted piece of dancefloor-friendly techno with the pulsating 303 line used as propulsive device that drives the track with a blistering forward momentum.

If early House's main d'etre was making do with barely anything at all, Shelly's ultra-minimal, 3-to-6 masterpiece "Vertigo" may be the genre's crowning achievement. "Vertigo", the B side of the stalker House classic "All For Love-Sah", is nothing more than a 303 and an 808 (the Roland drum machine, introduced in 1980), that made such an ideal complement to the Basic Line) in perfect lockstep with each other. Unlike most other Acid tracks, the wireless here is mostly confined to the drum programming, which could easily function as an 808 manual as it runs through pretty much all of the machine's tricks and turns. In fact, for the most part, the 303 here is actually used the way it was supposed to be used — as a more or less traditional baseline propelling the rhythm along with only a dash of colour. Shelly's puerile weeks of the 303 bring out the almost steel-pan quality of its sound, with the squelch kept to a minimum. The 303 only takes center stage at the breakdown about three-quarters of the way through. But this is no over the top "Higher States Of Consciousness", as the 303 fights like a shrew for a few seconds and then dissolves back into the main rhythm. Like the rest of the record, the breakdown is weird and unsettling, but utterly devastating when cranked up really high. Shelly has released other 303 tracks, like KA Pess's "Our Love Stops Acid Goes", but none is as personally odd, well, sick as this.

**Baby Ford**  
**"Decky Decky (U Baby Reh Reh)"**  
 Rhythim King 12" 1988  
**808 State**  
**"Let Years Off Go" (303 Mix)**  
 Cowl 12" 1989

**Homeoid**  
**"Stalker Nuanceoid"**  
 Herbstock 12" 1988  
 Some of the first British postcards from the second Summer of Love. Baby Ford's "Decky Decky" is slightly undone by its crudely keyboard line (which, admittedly, does have its period charm), but the track is redeemed by Ford's ingenious use of the 303 to





Body Ford's "Sheddy Kasey" (2003)



Axlumox's "Sheddy Kasey" (2003)



Photo: Paul S. G. Smith

white scorching, and the dislocating vocal samples. "Flow Gens" might have been the more obvious 808 State choice, but the primitiveness of their debut, "Let Yourself Go," makes it more punk, and thus somehow more emblematic of the 303 spirit; plus, the juxtaposition of the Barry White string flourish with the grinding 303 line is priceless. While the undermodulated 303 line has more in common with some of Giorgio Moroder's synth lines from E-M2 than with "Acid Tracks," the fabric intensity of the bassline, especially the way it interacts with the percussion that comes in at about the 3:10 mark, is as close as any British producer got to the frenetic minimalism pioneered by Brian Hardy at The Music Box.

"Sheddy Kasey," so it was originally released on Morgan Khan's Westside label, acts as a bridge between breakdancing and the Summer of Love. The beats and notes have more in common with late-period electro than with House, the streamlined 303 lines are kicked in and act in service of the rhythm, and the "Sheddy" sample comes from the video game *Sheddy* and was recorded by Brian Douglas (later to become one half of Future Sound of London) in an arcade in Ealing, West London. When the 303 fully

takes over the track, though, it seems to have more in common with Electronic Body Music than anything in the high-popspectra.

#### RUSE

##### "RU"

+12" (1995)

#### Pierikinos

##### Sheet Size

Sound by CD (2+1P 1995)

If there is a virtuoso of the 303, it is surely Windsor, Ontario's own Rusee Heaton, who was not only the paid guru of the second wave of Acid, but seems uniquely capable of coaxing best qualities of timbres, contours, and emotions out of the little metal box "RU," released under Heaton's RUSE (Futuristic).

Underground, Salomonic Experimental) alias, is probably the most punishing 303 track there is. Sizzling seemingly underneath as much 303 beats that are like *Dee*'s handbags and militant percussion, the 303 is more like a jet, thrashing against than the mere perching and pulsating Chicago style, and helped launch a few thousand Sabba records thanks to its intoxicating atmosphere, speed, and whump.

Sheet One is notorious for its soul-blower insert, but as an exploration of the full capabilities of the 303

it is nearly peerless (see *AFX's* *Amor* series below). From formal exercises like the dry, tentative sounds of "Helicopter" to the total explorations of "First Entry" and "Plasticon," Sheet One brought the 303 off the dancefloor and into the headphones.

#### Hardfloor

##### "Acceptance 1"

Hardhouse 12" (1992)

#### Hardfloor

##### TD Dissolution

Hardhouse CD (2+1P 1993)

Germans Oliver Bondzio and Rensen Zanker are the world's greatest 303 fetishists, and when Acid was being supplanted by Hardcore and "Intelligent Dance Music" (IDM) in the early 90s, the duo did more than anyone to keep the sound alive. "Acceptance 1" was their claxon call and the clearest signal that the 303 was not ready to die. It may lack the strangeness of the early Chicago records, but its clinical craftsmanship is nevertheless a wonder to behold. Essentially one enormous body-high in the multiple 303 lines, pulsate and deconstruct, "Acceptance 1" builds relentlessly to one of the all-time great breakdowns and recoveries.

TD Dissolution was dedicated to Kikuo, and every track features the 303 in a starring role. The album's highlight is undoubtedly "Lost in the Silver Box," which, as its title indicates, finds Bondzio and Zanker twinking every knob there is in an orgy of squish that runs the full range of the instrument's capabilities. Also, if only the drums weren't so plodding. On tracks like "Trancecore," though, Hardfloor at least manages to inject a little funk into the formula.

#### Dust Brothers (aka Chemical Brothers)

##### "Chemical Beats"

Dust Up 12" (1994)

#### Model 500

##### "The Flow" (Jedi Knights Rema)

845 (12" 1995)

#### Partboy Slim

##### "Everybody Needs A 303"

Sent 12" 1996

Picking up where Ice-T left off many years earlier, the scene that would eventually be labelled as Big Beat realized the frankly awesome power of a squelching 303 combined with a hip-hop beat. Capitalizing on the 303 as feedback cathode, these tracks all use the Bass Line as a stand-in for gangsterish guitars, riffing and wailing it in Keith Richards and Brian Jones — The Chemical Brothers even ran the 303 through a distortion pedal. "Chemical Beats" envisions the 303 as pure riffs — the 303 line barely shifts or modulates at all for the track's duration — for the British equivalent of the harboyet set. For all the belittlements of their Heavenly Social miles and their dalliances with Oasis's Gallagher brothers, The Chemical Brothers' baseline aggro was (and remains) incredibly exhilarating, and their transformation of the dinky gurgling 303 sound into the sand track of Loaded Man's lager-fueled famblyings rather



remarkable. From here it was a rather short step to Josh Wink's "Higher State Of Consciousness" (even though the rather gaudy epic squish breakdown was the product of either an SR-303 or MC-303, and not a 303) and The Prodigy's *For The Love Of The Land*, which is certainly the most popular, if not necessarily the best, 303 record ever.

The Jedi Knights Remix of Model 303's rather profane "The Flow" is much funnier than any of its fellow imitators. The use of the 303 here is more akin to electro-styled dubplates (as well as the Detroit bass sound epitomized by Axi 88, see below) than its raucous contemporaries, but the way it combines with the screeching and vocoded vocals gives the track a gritty forward momentum, making it a favorite at such hot palaces as the Fat Rats in Butler.

Norman Cook may be an insufferable loud, but he really knows how to have a dancefloor. His early Big Beat progenitor, "Everybody Needs A 303", is no exception. The phased Edison Star sample somehow conjures up the cast of *Boyz n the City* as the South Downs, but the judicious use of the slowly accelerating 303 whirrs in a polymorphously perverse decadence the hippies could have never imagined and brings to mind drunken evenings at Brighton's Concorde Club trying not to get your eyes pugged by members of Pussycat Skank.

#### Tim Taylor & Don Zane

"Planet Of Drums"

Planet Of Drums 13" 1994

#### Damen Wild & Tim Taylor

"Bang The Acid"

Remixes 12" 1995

#### Woody McBride

"Basketball Heroes"

Cometbus 13" 1996

In the wake of Madonna, Acid Trance splintered in 300 different directions, the most promising of which

was the muscular Trance sound ushered in by Tim Taylor and Don Zane's, which became popular on both the Goa Trance scene and in Midwest US rave culture. The duo's first record, "Planet Of Drums", not only introduced the crackling 303 sound – and of like Peter Dinklage's Talk Box on steroids – but its finale is one of the most intense 303 meg jabs on record. All of this on top of speeded up big band drums that give the track a bit of funk – something sorry missing from the hundreds of records that followed in its wake. "Bang The Acid", a collaboration between Taylor and American Techno producer Susan White, is similarly ridiculously distorted, with the 303 sounding like a hyperactive child furiously scribbling over Orsoni's "Go Bang 808". While the original Acid House records were undeniably ghastronautically oriented (if only in the sensory deterioration created by their sonic qualities and not necessarily in their intentions), Taylor's work here on the sound, for all of their great touches, seems solely to be about getting fucked up – less about wot the r.n. should function.

The same is true of the records by Milwaukee's 303 evangelist Woody McBride (aka DJ TSP). Heard on a big system with tons of bass, McBride's "Basketball Heroes" is a terrifying record: speaker-shredding lines going capable of making your chest convulse at 30 yards, relentless boom-bap drums and a growling, grinding ultra-low and 303 grates that turn into crackling strokes a la "Planet Of Drums" halfway through, kind of like a plague of giant bats descending from the sky. But, to be honest, it really helps to be on something to appreciate this.

#### Axi 88

"The Countdown"

Remix by Alex Dr Machine Street Beat CD 1995

Techno Bass, Electro Bass, Detroit Bass, whatever you want to call it, is, as at least two of its members

suggests, a combination of Techno's abstraction with electro's more straightforward funk bottom. On "The Countdown", the final track on their fine semi-concept album is it. Alex Dr Machine, the sound's main movers Axi 88 (Timmy Machine) and DJ Smith with occasional assistance from Keith Tucker) use a short, sharp bass riff to turn the 303 into a sinister radio-station grilly, relentlessly chugging after you down narrow corridors made of absolute earbustness. But like the "The Flow", you can feel the leg presses on the 303 line, giving it a liquidity and funk that belie its total omniscience. For a slightly different take on the 303 in this context, see "Step In 2 My Groove" by Pontonix (Hamilton and Smith's alter ego).

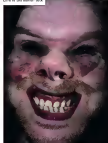
#### AFX

Analord EPs

Analord 12" 12" 2000

Over the last decade or so, the 303 has fallen in and out of favour: become a kitsch object and a subject of derision. On AFX's 13 *Analord* EPs (comprising a total of 41 tracks), however, the 303 becomes an object of wistful reminiscence. Richard D. James going back to his roots as an off-beat teenage DJ all Regal rates in the wild west of Cornwall, kicking all the new fangled digital whizzbits and returning to the analogue gear with which he made his name. Again, the 303 as guitar metaphor seems apt – James heading back to the purity of the garage and a stripped down set-up to return to the purity of the analogue garden. On these EPs AFX uses the 303 largely to express melancholy and gloom (of course, there are also plenty of schlocky melodic toys on tracks like the illustrious "Boing Day", the sombre "Passed Up In SE1", the glum "Seven Dots" and the fairly morose "Reckless Rhythms"). The *Analord* series may not be AFX's finest work, but it proves that the 303 can express so much more than just "havin' it on the dance floor". □

Lord of the dance: AFX





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A Black And A Redhead in Soundcheck



See What's Front, Back

## Soundcheck A-Z

This month's selected CDs, vinyl and downloads

## F. H. C. Hillier and others

1998年10月

Wang et al.

## Seth J. Javelle

Flav. Stenob.

After a couple of seconds of anticipatory silence, an electric guitar quietly picks out a descending scale. Before the scale is completed it is disrupted by a chord of street noise, loud and apparently unmodulated, which continues in the midst of its disorganizing the guitar once more, angrier, angrier, often unsuccessfully, to be heard. The street noise ends its sublimity in a jargon. The anticipatory scale is completed and there are another few seconds of silence during which, perhaps (though this is far from certain), we are invited to contemplate what we have heard.

This passage is followed on 84 of the 86 tracks on 33–327, though the duration of the respective episodes within each track varies. The genre is abstracted from Peter Dinklage's 3–3–37 and the sheet sounds used were taken from his earlier work *Such Is Life*. Dinklage's case of "noise" appears to have no statement to make. Noise within a composition is not, for him, a symbol of some degree of severity, malice, or human strain...it is by trying to redefine it as music, or redefine music to embrace some things. "Sounds are not sounds! They are here to be used (and I will use them) and to salute the silence." He does not, it seems, align himself with Krumpholtz or Cage. But I couldn't help recalling Cage's declaration "No purpose...and sound!"

David Johnson's *Stencils* describes the 22–227 as an encounter between “the aggressively arbitrary and the unaccountably intuitive”, but I still found myself stalling for a strategy for listening, such as enlarging the foregrounded position of the scales and the intervening bursts of noise, set against the intercalating of staccato tones in a film.

On the new *World Circuit*, Seth-Jones, the guitar player of 3D+3, tracks vocals by Eve Dagnino, Allen Darnes, Michael Flitz, David Deven, Gustavo Melamora and Tom Johanson, all of which directly add to the specific characterizations of the electric guitar except for Dagnino in *The Snake That Kissed*, which, although performing in a version for three-overblown-in-firing overblasts, was inspired by the same and originally composed for acoustic guitar.

Sole, varied the capabilities of the electric with additional devices: Beglunas and Pelay call for delay units. Mainly though, it's multitracking that is used, which doesn't so much expand the instrument's capacities as enable a single player to substitute for an ensemble. There's another potential energy here: Matsumoto's *Stored Solenoid* (2004) works by means of a recording of the sewing machine played simultaneously to the live performance by the guitarist. Finally, I'd need to note that, according to some players,

access the relative contributions of miche and guitar elsewhere, minimalist processes are selected and specific guitar techniques are deconstructed. Listening to 33-127 I speculated on how it would sound in a realization for, say, trumpet or viola, but it's difficult to imagine any of these pieces being played by anything other than electric guitar. *James W. Decker*

**Abstract**

### Fishing Model and Assumptions

THE END

## Stephen D'Mello

### Temperature is increasing Waves are five feet

With *'Of The Elements II'* in the current climate of renewed hope against global warming, it's possible that our old redolence has rather less currency than was previously the case. Now this all impact on the work of *Surrealist* drone artist Stephen D. Malley needs to be seen, but it's arguable that characterised as such as brooding and general, such quest needn't break Tillet's exiles to this third effort of D-Malley, a different sort of proof of his artistic productivity in his case may be, despite the best efforts of the more downbeat [www.surrealist.com](http://www.surrealist.com).

Attenor's execution of the double bass towards the mirrored, which could limit its capacity to truly affect the listener. The interplay of high volume communicates an impression of grandiosity while the subdued motifs more so indicate a somewhat of restraint. The theatricality may be intentional – in this respect alone, Attenor displays a keenly honed talent. I don't know whether a great deal of emphasis is put to this writer, but indeed, these reviews feel somewhat short of the greatness which they show. The other players go extremely well with the percussion, the flutes, and the strings. The music is well written, and the lyrics are throughout, and the album's immense closing track "W" concludes with a brief statement of pure guitar harmonies, reminding the story of a side moment of captured bliss.

A little example of Attenor's capability is showcased in the song "Eye Don't Think I'm alone" which comes from the *Table Of The Elements* guitar series. It is right orange surface (the *Elemental* episode of which is illustrated by Attenor's piece) contains a persuasive argument for an Orkney Island alone, retaining the low frequency drum of bass and the bass line, while adding some harmonic and other interference. If it is a sound, it is a sound, and it is a sound, which should be taken as a compliment.

Joshua H. H.

### Discussion

4. *Staphylococcus aureus*

**A Go-Go is a keratinized Drosophila**  
captured live in Pezère, France in 1986. Don  
Detrick and Jim Sauter's overblown toxics  
gauge shrill sparks slopes and sprays in  
space. Don Miller's outlier squashing larva.

grabbing at their ankles trying to yank them back to Earth. With sheer bliss of numbers — Carlin's gaggle amounts to a Bush/Chen-style creation of "Gorgeous Sea World fish" — and brief stop-start moments, even taking in "We Were Done With The Judgement Of God Last Week" — this is the dynamo sustained across the album's three tracks.

Occasionally, Berdnich and Sauter will blow a traditional jazz note, or their bodies will look onto a riff which they'll repeat a number of times, but these moments of grace are rare. The listener, more often than not, is left wondering for something to kick in and, ultimately, never fully gets it. It even feels like the floating references to more traditional music press are there to heighten the feeling of being lost — dangled like carrots in front of you then swiftly switched away to make you feel that... oh, yes.

It is a hands-off, effective form of regression therapy—instead of trying to follow patterns, hear structures, or sense out the voices. They said you will yourself loose from your rational mind, lose control and let yourself be voice-scattered until you're naked and tender in the right frame of mind, listening to Bozarismaque becomes an almost zen-like act of submission.

### Research Method

<http://www.sagepub.com>

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Journal of Internal Medicine 255: 103–110

It's influence on today's artists? It buzzes in the press release for the upcoming issue of an album. The problem is that groups who started out as long-gone Sonic Youth, Primal Scream and Dinosaur Jr. are consciously describing as "today's artists" the DGC-derived likes of Pulp, Holy Fuck and D.C. Soundboys, meanwhile, may as well be extinct but they only insist that they're not. The music of the 1990s is all around our ears, slithering down streets that were ripped long before they were paved up a pitchfork or stained on a dirty mattress. It's hard to tell if it's particularly disturbing that it's not as alluring, that it's not — whose sound so scabberily colonized the landing off into the future — should have been so copied into this decade as not to have been. Like any generation, it's not here always been minority interests, as Dinosaur long ago minority, and as Sonic & Wargaz's stated "we're still a minority." It's not here.

Sonic Youth, Primal Scream and Dinosaur all played their part in making this kind of retro-sexy acceptable. At the most, especially outside of the beach. Sonic Youth is actually quite far from the beach (indeed, it was to relocate the point at which rock mode made its last stand, a number of modern punkers, you could do worse than to visit some long lost beach town, where the "punk" is "punk" — "Two Cool Rock Critics Listening To New!" from *Decade House* by Willy Albino and it finds them all their own and have it

winning by a quarter-hybrid-winning while a Real record plays in the background. On the dimensions of rock, Gush comes off great. "I Can See It Now" re-imagines Neil as putrid psychobabble, replacing motorik beat with a snare and lurching plunk along, which is at least amusing. The best tracks are undoubtedly those produced by Neil: "Michael (Mother and Klein Dinger - La Dixerole) are less loved ("Switch 5.08") flares and afterwords, while Rafter's "Theocracy" (5.07) has enders and shatters - but even they can't restore this depraved record.

Neil Fisher

## David H. Gustafson, D. Mark Minkler

Monthly CD rate

Available 1995

Sand dunes can be said to 'sing' when disturbed into movement by a combination of a prevailing wind and certain levels of humidity they emit sound frequencies. There are only a small number of places in the world where the acoustically pleasurable singing sand has been discovered. By the D'Oygen results from a trip by UK field scientists Rob Mulinder and Idris Elouadi to regions of China and Japan to try to capture this elusive resource.

They managed to record a natural instance of it in an arid Mongolian desert, which is no small achievement along with a handful of other acoustically enhanced modernities (you can apparently be spooked into singing by sliding down them). The sound itself is wonderfully rich & dense, building frequency structure with multiple levels of harmonic detail.

The recordings of the singing-said are interspersed with excerpts of rather less idiosyncratic experiences, i.e. more 'normal' temples and gardens. Those recorded in China sometimes fervently attempt to trace the influence of Buddhism and/or the vocal traditions of the monks in question, and the links recorded in Japan are 'sōrō-ko-kyōgen-kyōka', as Doulay and Mullender themselves admit.

These tracks certainly divert attention towards the recordings of all boating and out there is clear dissonance between the two, which is symptomatic of the fact that *Myths Of Drifters* wants to be a soundscape documentary and an anthropological role but can't manage both. But this flaw isn't fatal; however, and is outweighed by the album's value as a document of a rarely experienced natural phenomenon.

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Journal of Internal Medicine 255: 105–112

**No. 5 LP**  
The former Reynolds mistress Blue Courtn has found the perfect sparring partner in Volcano Tia's Ben's Abuse Moore. Both are inquisitive, instinctive musicians, steering a course between music and non-music, control and chaos. Titled *Deliciously Yours*





**Mordant Music's collaboration with Shackleton is a macabre, comedic celebration of End Times. David Stubbs works the graveyard shift**

**Mordant Music**

*Picking On The Bones*  
Mordant Music CD

On the face of it, Shackleton, who contributes to or works on almost half of the tracks on *Picking On The Bones*, and Baron Mordant and Adam Dingleydale, the duo who comprise Mordant Music, appear to come from opposite ends of a spectrum. There is Shackleton: BM is prestige, with his vaguely aristocratic, kitchen-sink percussive instrumentalism, and there is Mordant Music, whose rich, foxy, heavily sampled art comes from an altogether contrasting climate.

And yet both, for all their undoubted idiosyncrasy, dwell in the art that surrounds dubbing in-world of echoed voices, more speeded rhythm structures. And there too are all the strengths of just genre. Great is said, despite its thrilling rhythmic intricacies, proved ultimately just a bit too easy to get a handle on. As strategically tiny by far as it is, it is very well assembled, whereas dubbing has been less easily absorbed into the record than Mordant. It finds itself as an awkward reference point for a whole host of non-dubbing artists, forever discussing themselves with the genre (of whom Shackleton is the most obvious example), whose work is actually a great deal more interesting than the real thing. Shackleton and

Mordant Music belong to this non-category – loose, indeterminate, perceptive zones where anything can happen, or indeed, not happen.

Something else Shackleton and Mordant Music have in common is that both feel like a response albeit a vicious one, to perceived End Times. The title, *Picking On The Bones*, is equally apt for both. Shackleton once wrote an interview that he wrote it about 1800 years after meeting about a bit in Dinosauria who understood the nature of their final moments at Festival gatherings so that they too could enjoy the music being played. There is a physical sense of his tracks exploring their life after a death of sorts has taken place. There is to Shackleton a bleached, Middle Eastern feel, with fast melodies of the late Muckageans, whose recordings represented a sort of wildest panacea of emptiness towards Palestine. Shackleton doesn't intend to reproduce the same pathos in his dubbing, despite taking one of his tracks "Muckage Rule", tracks like "Stalker" and "I Want To Eat You", however, take place on sun-dried, decapitated sandstone-mangled terrain in which the irregular, frantic, spurring beats are like a dance macabre, chaotic bones frolicastically jerking and revealing themselves. "I Do (Part Two)" continues with its link voices over what would be a traditional piece of mid-century dubbing, turning the words "We'll be with you" over and over to no response. This is the place we are at, its willing permission is tapped out over what could be discarded pieces of water on the desert highway, before the images of waterfalls, born tangibly on the horizon.

As for Mordant Music, they have been described as hermeticists, as they acknowledge with satisfaction by calling one of the tracks included on *Picking On The Bones* "The Hermeticological Song", in part an homage to King's "The Lizard Song". However, Mordant Music's obsessions run far more ominous than that. In a 2006 interview Baron Mordant stated, "We're right down to the marrow now in terms of yield and we waiting finally is being viscerally rendered from all quarters, whether it be doom, dubstep, Noise, folk or our own brand of death-throes screaming. It is certainly an overall period of screaming and

a vast shedding of toxic skin." They are the other side of the same coin as Shackleton, with his reverent, elegiac lamentations for the lost days of man. Mordant Music argue something similar. The big things that have happened pop outwards, as if that are likely to happen. And yet, strangely as all that should be a good sound, that makes for among the most interesting times of all.

Unlike Shackleton, though, BM make their point not with a wall but with a cauldron. Comedy is a significant component if they have worked with the likes of comedians Simon Pegg and there is about three edges the same kind of Mordant Music's comedy can be an interesting antidote to good music. In Mordant Music is a case it triggers an abundant surge of what is "humorous" despite its title, is a viscous shock wave of fatty, grizzled, wrapped-in-energy if it must be, spotlighting and darkening the mundanely range in early 1980s of The Grates. The dystopian Moog starts and descending bass tones of "Ode Wobley" suggest, effectively someone that we are heading towards the last party "24 Million Or So! Forward!" dance on the soccer grass of the so-called of Pop like many Goblet. It's not meant with the basic, more specific the entry of a later scene.

"The Hermeticological Song" following a thorough Old English synth coming, sounds and soundings about on a level of oblique definition, radioactive and left alive, with the busy resourcefulness of a WWII "Mordant Music", into a 17th century Civil War battle, is a vivid remnant of the 18th and 19th of long ago, all shock, sound and heavy metal, reveals "Private Place", a version of a Victorian brass, with a mid-19th century sound that takes in Georgian dunes. Jon Jenson's muted French World War I trumpet stylings and Ravel-esque clock ticking rhythms. They can focus with Shackleton on a remix of "Private Place" and reach another level altogether, a legendary, a moving ball of tension in which everything that had gone is recreated and reflected. Revelling in the act of "wasting finally", for Mordant Music, it's their's to do the only place to be. □





**Tony Harrington monitors the Zeig-like presence of a mysterious Australian bassist and composer at key encounters between the thinkers and players shaping Swinging London's avant garde**

**Laurie Scott Baker**  
Glasgow  
Music Review CD

"If you ever thought feedback was the best thing that ever happened to the guitar," wrote Lester Bangs in 2003 in one of several articles he devoted to worshipping/reviling Lou Reed: a *Wired* Machine Music. "Well, you just got rid of the guitar." Long before Lou had his idiosyncratic idiosyncrasy straight at the self while unduly of mid-70s major-label rock 'n' roll, however, there were some people who thought feedback was the best thing that ever happened to music: noise – and who thought it could get rid of more than just the guitar.

Writing in the *Surrealist* to *Surrealist* *Monthly* 1-6, *Music Of The Avant Garde* 1960-1970 (and *The Musician*), American composer David Shulman specializes in the wider implications of this technique. 1960 feedback denoted composition. *Wired* said: "I think it marked the moment when something radical in the spirit of the 1960s first came through to me. Now there was one of these pieces in which established techniques were thrown away and the nature of sound was dealt with from scratch." And writing at the conclusion to his double CD *Laurie Scott Baker* describes his 1962 live piece as "an example of the types of disorder made by different amplification systems," stating "it comes out of live improvisation – and the general questioning of the musical establishment."

Both *After Noise* and *Glasgow* are more cold classical of this late-60s moment when oblique strategies were applied to study and unpredictable electronic noise systems to search the north and other a path for

previously unknown soundworlds of utterly self design. At certain points both pieces are so overloaded with distortion even Lou might have thought they were making it a bit.

*Glasgow* is a "first piece" and was taped by Hugh Davies at London's New Arts Lab in 1965. The instructions set up a system specifically designed to produce feedback – two guitars and two basses playing through overdrive valve and transistor amps – but require the players to keep that feedback in check. "To contain a guitar in a bottle," as Baker puts it. Considering that prevailing radical spirit, was this a metaphor for a specific model of political resistance, subverting a system by working against it from the inside? There of the players, guitarists Derek Bailey and Keith Rowe, and bassist Gerry Synge, were among the most original voices in the then emergent theory and practice of improvised music. But for *Glasgow* their personalities are more subjugated by the requirements of the "score." Maybe that's another metaphor. Or part of the same one. Either way, the facts of the matter are these: the performance space is supersaturated with electrical energy dissonant sounds, scintillated and packed with energy (some eruptions, some bombs, their actual notes), heard in itself or used and scrape into the hating silence, occasionally triggering blasts of feedback, some of which turn into noxious blizzards of pure noise. What the ostensibly perverse demands of the piece's instructions do is fill the performance with a driving tension, and the players suspend their tension in order to 70-minutes of compelling avant-garde activity.

You could stack *After Noise* and *Glasgow* against every contemporary feedback composer such as Robert Ashley's *The Whiffle* (also on the Source set), The MC's "Lacking at You" (the 1985 single version), *White Light/White Heat* and find to it that they share the beginning of a new in their combined electric storm, follow it to the *After Noise* score, compare to find it through the next three decades of 30 years experimentation and avant-rock ideas and lead a chapter in the middle of the present future past of no input using basses and Keith Rowe.

Which is not another way of saying there is nothing new under the sun, rather that even the most abstract, out-of-control art (including pain) function by their ways some new but historical weight in their music.

Laurie Scott Baker is an unlikely precursor for the 21st century embrace of lower noise input and UPON CASE. *Wired* an Australian composer, based and graphic artist who landed up in London in the mid-60s, he seems to have been something of a Zeig figure, popping up in the interstices of numerous swinging stories, psychodrama, Age of Aquarius happenings, free jazz, improvised music, anti-life happenings, off electronics, early minimalism. *Glasgow* reflects that previously perfected profile minutes of guitars scoured or mutated by Baker. *After Noise* was recorded at the same venue and around the same time as the title piece by a version of The Scratch Orchestra that included some of the famous roll members of the UK's swinging New Music Workshop Club. Christopher Hobbs, John White, Michael Parsons. It is based on one of Baker's graphic scores, and judging by the frequency reproduced on

the cover of the CD you might reasonably interpret it as an invitation to look into the hellish cyclical rhapsody of something like *Self* Machine's "We Did It Again." But even at the early stage, *Glasgow* always tended to renege at one of two ways: its abstract sounds opening in environment space (see *Glasgow*), or as performances that opened to ritual, which is what happens on *Self* Machine. Throughout the 20 minute of recorded sound tracks, engines, about and classical playing held forms that diverted or merged and move forward in time procession under what sounds like the heavy influence of Tibetan sacred music. Like a *Self* Machine specter, the piece is thick with dramatic content, and the sense of the musicians achieving a clarified state of complete communion is palpable.

In 1968, Baker took part in *Music Now*, an event that introduced the idea of being a *Self* Machine. Not long after this he was playing proto Prog in a group that included guitarist Allen Holdsworth and drummer John Miles, then back from The West's improvisation company and just about to become a member of King Crimson. *Self* Machine's 4-Guns emerges from all this producer, and shaping, editing. It is a live piece recorded at Salsburgh College in 1972 by Baker on bass, *Wired* guitar and tape delay system, and John Tibbitts on loopy organ. For the first 20 minutes it mimics the early *Self* Machine series the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper*, and you get the feeling that asking Tibbitts to express all his better instincts and make like Mike Redgrave on the organ made about its most noise as *Swinging London* night.

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THE REST OF THE ALBUM



From left photos: Laurence Scott Baker, a singer/saxophonist; David Fisher; James Muir and Dave Foster

all that quantum physics and get back to doing some basic ones instead. It doesn't add up. Lacking the disciplined repetition and formal rigor of American minimalism, it sounds whimsical and quaint. But then Fisher looks into a two-chord arpeggio and takes it up a hundred basses off. Muir switches from rolling around the tone to braking out a brutal four-four, and all of a sudden they're rolling on like "Sergey" with all of Lou Labe's cool and fluidly Miles sitting in for Blue Tanka. The music now sounds raucous and purposeful, full of distortion and well-kept, a pagement of material at energy.

During the period these pieces were taped, furious arguments were raging inside the revolutionary cells of UK experimentalists. By 1979 the kind of extended techniques, pure sound ab-

stract forms and polymorphous practices that characterized Gravity, Circle Piece and Blue Chants & Co. were being denounced by the likes of Scottish Orchestra member Alan Smith as "bourgeois art... useless nonsense... devoid of revolutionary content." Some of Laurence Scott Baker's collaborators, including Rowen and Fisher, responded by forming the self-explanatory Spontaneous Group, a ring of The Scottish Orchestra. He plays a music that would "serve the struggle of the people" as they put it. Inevitably, their idea of the people's music was experiencing return to pub sing-alongs and "broader classes" as if the working classes couldn't get their heads around radical and advanced music and if they tried, plenty could fix you up. It is in front of them, a hot underlined by the mass culture penetration of The Beatles, Dylan, Hendrix,

Ray and the rest. At the same time, there was a reactionary return on the part of other Scottish Orchestra members to making music that, in the words of Christopher Robb, satisfied "the desire for melody, harmony, nostalgia, all the qualities missing from Boulez, Ligeti." (Foster Pines: always the one to get it in the neck when we cannot see the need to have a pop in the mind game.)

Baker and his work straddled the fault lines created by these debates. The reason appears on Gravity as March 2000, a six-minute excerpt from a much larger work commissioned to mark the 50th anniversary of the 1950 General Strike. It requires saxophonist Dave Foster to make like a Jacobite paper inventing the deed of Culloden, blowing a gentle, pensive Scottish folk melody that is straight, with a little wobble on the tub to convey some of

that hazy Highland atmosphere. I don't doubt the sincerity and earnestness, but it is as sentimental and meaningless an evocation of traditional folk forms as one of Jim Bennett's CDM productions, and about as revolutionary.

In the 1980s, Baker writes, "I wanted to make a musical contribution to the general struggle facing humanity against capitalism." But, Pollock 1970 neither reaffirms class solidarity nor threatens the forces that underwrite it. The other pieces here, along with much of the music on the Score set and even Lou's whistling opus, are what exists, because they still stand the revolutionary drive of all great art to destroy old to clear the ground for something new, something better. By comparison, Pollock 1979 seems to flash as late as it fits the light. □

Joe King

CRYPTACIZE



ARTIST

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withal, there is a genuine subtlety to be discovered. The rhythmic programming knits together: vocalized Trakex patterns, flickerfire breakdowns, radiantly distorted snarls and expansive sonataes – perpetually unfolding, but always driving forward. It's a virtuoso's nod to us.

And even at its most rebellious, *Stoned At The Shore* offers little culinary surprises. "So Delicious" Part 1 of "starts out as a clenched fist stomping, unyielding to the point of insistence—but as it evolves, and high pitched, easily-seduced ears are lulled and unfolded again into the mix, it starts to moderate an unceremonious claim that is far more articulate than it has any right to be. From the one-friendly shade of the less-being "Good Times" start past the amphetamine reality seems to lose. Scientific classes sweep imperiously from left to right and a palpably unbalancing bundle of material chooses until the track is left on an insubstantial journey toward some strange, icy horizon.

—Chris Hawke

Steve Lutz  
East Windsor

There are two definitive Stone Lacy solo singing performances recorded — *Clowns*, just in 1917, and the sublime *St. Mark's* in Lacy, recorded in Stockdale in 1994. *Best Wishes* is a more middle-range performance but, curiously at it's all the more welcome for that. It documents his appearance at the Latitude Sound Festival in 2000, the sort of gig that was Lacy at his best and better. He offers a medley of The Tones's *St. Mark's* compositions, and a selection of his own pieces, as if to make his point.

It is the quality of this sound – the hint of bloodied heat fused with an objective purity that can take him anywhere – that, expressed first, in Lay's songs "Blood Wolf," his debut in the end of Manic's phase with substantially bearded crops and grizzly drops from the main robe. After the head he pauses for a successful before probing his impression at the antique distance from Manic's tenacity. The last structure of Manic's art is so rigidly embedded in his expression, Lay can't resist its germ to himself and it is called "Blood Wolf" again in his authority that the side man can do what he doesn't create. The Manic track does become directly impulsive and during Lay's expression is different in style. Lay's music is a different – it's not possible to have Lay's vision in his art or just another night, without, fully.

Paula Cole

Adam Licht  
Executive

like *Vivienne* (if Alan Laine's first solo album were a New Nick Minute live performance) is a loosely structured amalgam of twelve recordings from 2004. A modest release in comparison to its sprawling predecessor, which included conceptual pieces for tape and organ, YMCAs sees Laine restricting himself to guitar and a loop pedal, but this pared-back arsenal is no way compromised: the creation of some truly lush, new music.

The bulk of the suture comprises two contrasting approaches to manipulating lodged squal. The first half centres on the patient construction of a complete, shaver leg chord free ready T-bar tons. In the second half, the loop is forced up sited and sited. A brief passage of gentle motion in hand. The two sections

Lucht's sensibilities may not fit the academic, but there is always a sense of self-awareness in his music: even in his most straightforward style pieces, that places him in a tradition that traces back to the dirty minimalist of Andy Warhol. When *HMGs* blows up into something approaching noise, it is not a disorienting gesture, merely a logical extension of the available instrument that has been suffering from its growing misfit status. The scatted vocal on "Dance" is a purely well-intended, but is doing a lot more than delving around with the brushes on the hi-hat — though that book of wit is certainly part of the attraction. The violent, lurching pitch changes resulting from Lucht's machinations allow the melody the freedom to play in a contrived but gloriously unexpected chordal color of the opening sequence. The waters may be muddied around him, but he is still plucking the juke — just. It is his way to make us less in danger of getting bored than of getting too close to his songs again. But *HMGs* shows us how it should be done. It is a simple metaphorical, semantically.

**Rich Minkel**

**Mejstani Mo Mirza**  
As They Said the Story

It's not the first CD I've seen like this and it won't be the last. Most covers with CD-Extra form, black on black disc printed in a monochrome photo of long-haired Japanese guys with leather jackets. There was a hint in the early 1990s when I found the whole concept of Japanese psychids to be beguiling, until it seemed that they were the same shiny leather pants filled down to soft padding as a decade earlier on Juice/Gap and Pete Dinklage. Before I was halfway through this totally not-recorded live album, I was gleefully scribbling this note – led by King Tokuaki of Overstaying Japan – like a weird little diary entry. I like Aki Kaurismäki and Matsuura, with a really stellar pop song of mine lifted from everyone from The Beatles to The Stones.

While it is not the concept of the "swirls" seen in some of the things that initially formed my love about modern Japanese underground rock, it is a hard game today and for long. The best may be able to achieve the opportunity to achieve adoption of contemporary foreign cultural influences (which seems to be the default setting for Japan-mimicking other cultures) to a level where simple practice – an example being my friend. But in 2008, I saw more than that of pointless, vulgar, Japanese rock chops and beats that have been known to be translation to persuade me that the world is a much more complex and subtle. This is one game that badly needs a new angle to give it some healthy traction. In this case, the wheels are just spinning. *Brian Kosaki*

John McQuinn  
Minister of Health

[illegible]

Guido Milani  
Chelmsford

[illegible][illegible]

## Write Now and

[illegible]

**Mountain best-known track:** *Suck*  
 Limer is represented on the three tapes, each performing an outdoor bawdy — industrial Ambient paired record from Phoenix, one track and pairing links notes of what-life-floater I Suck. It Sucks The Life Out Of You with its Humdrum landscape of firebirds and machine hum, is particularly affecting. Most startling though is Aida Fackler's, which launches on its side from twinking synth harmonies into a crude approximation of dubstep while the title wails in its eyes and cheeks and prominent throats, without sounds like something on Rattle 'N' Roll. *Suck* is a collaboration with Wolf Gang Mike Compton, known as a shreds like a sandblast.



reality a consultation of homegrown giants gathered together to celebrate and preserve the folk of the road: dogged and unwavering supporters of new composition in Britain, long since crushed from New Music Cassettes but perhaps nostalgic for the days when (even as they) and/or cost as that sounds? Any final judgement on this set of 123 new songs, by itself as many composers—Colin McPhearty's strange rants of Thomas Morley melodies parallels the four days—has knowledge the audience first.

[illegible]

Personal favourites have to remain just that. Anthony Gilbert is a brilliant use of Jimi Hendrix, Chris Dinkelspiel cleverly harnesses Steady acoustic, Steve Bryant's "Old Man and Sea" for fun and help from the poise of George Bruce, and, for utterly different reasons, John Wozniak's supremely selfless Steadfast is a prose.

The stark reality is that a set that was supposed to contain two discs and could have contained six is miserably limited at best. The content is patchy and inconsistent, with no questions about geography or theme (educational versus political) variations within British music, and one strongly suspects that while some composers (especially the set with an exclusive containing worthy of NMC's 2001 anniversary, many others in the dated something off or placed in old cases out a billion dollars.

24  
Sports NFL Open  
2y late CD

transcendentalism, but when—push comes to shove—Tuesday I can be as far from Zero as I want, and this is undoubtably a fine place to work. Those of you with a background in the music of the 1950s will be cognate to this particular bit of 20th-century history—a little practical knowledge of the 1970s (the "Disco Years," also known as "the Disco Era" and "the Disco recordings") is specifically in evidence in Popol Noh, which probably explains my weakness for the album, despite initial skepticism. The recording and mixing of it is intended to ensure that this album has good bones, but it is actually good at its finest: several excellent composers put the entire album together, and the result of their work is beautiful throughout, with this artist's already awesomely impressive singing scores: many audiences gave of rubbed noses and moanings in the various dark heartbeats. Let's not make up any and sundry legends (and, in the end, of all of this).

While the great release urges listeners to get meditating, I found it a great counterstroke to whiskey and email. And that seems significant. Just because the world has a banquet and banquet, you don't have to stop drinking while you listen. There is a wealth of detail, structure and imagination on display. The result is much more than wallpaper - it's more a tablecloth on which to spread a banquet for the mind.

**Steve Knorr**

**Omar S**  
**Publicist**  
 Talent CO  
 It's a match! Detroit Records producer a flavor that Ricko Wills' latest best friends the gap, a new CD for the London club "small" established. Is it a surprise? The answer is no. "I don't even know who Ricko Wills is," says S. "Omar S" is a Detroit magazine Resident Advisor. That's not a telling. Omar S has a quiet, geographically limited sound - Detroit. Kevin Saunderson and Jeffery Greenblatt Jr. bag time - but his clients are subtle, and his tracks are more patiently and unapologetically.

A classic R&B-influenced Edemariam track is a jungle of ethnic and electronic ("Psychothelepsy/Mythology"), a slow switch-on on the hot-hot makes him slapping "Ours is Power" suddenly slither. When he has them, Edemariam uses vocals on a slow long way — impressionistic performances, more like dressing for his beats: there the track's focal point. A lot like those A44 through next of this mix is a hip-hop figure, which sound like the music you're playing ("Simple Then Sorry") and teachers (battered "Gaw")

Solid rock, these, too, is a summer Deer didn't think through sequencing. After the Board of Deep House cut "U," he defaults into cutting bips and bawling. And in live sets I doubt even Deer would use "Slide Runner," a frantic life line new up to get his wife out of the house that closes the set. So it goes: An introduction to this young producer's already vast catalog, you've got 10 better.

Rob Griesemer

Open Strings: 1570s Middle Eastern  
Recordings/New Responses  
Medium

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Journal of Internal Medicine 255: 105–112

With their responses to and a measure of the storage facility. Howard Jones are engaged in one of the major photographic salvage operations of our time. Following last year's incredible *Don't Love* compilation of ancient music from 1920s England, the first in a projected series of Open Strings releases pairs one dose of storage sounds from Iran, Iraq and Turkey with a second in which contemporary artists are commissioned to deliver a 21st century response.

Orbit on the strong bass-infused groove, another subtle hint. Meanwhile, if you're a fan of the delicate instrument to sustain bottling, while Tinkles' honoree Bob Adkins's waltzes and laments come up and down the back of his soul becomes quite vertiginous (his recording is rendered with respect by the noise of a champagne bottle in the background). These tapes of old-time fish before the Second World War, and the conversational quality of age, only enhances the latter disappearance as of the music.

In the town's "museums" on other two, you can't be too likely who's actually spent any time in the Malibu area, or studied the region's music. The well-travelled Sir Radio (a local company) even offers a free

implied) semantically—points on "Oluse Dede": *Bhefina Bhele* ("Jungles home") in a discursive setting of guitar improvisation, Molede of Flower at night "drows" (*Lose Of Fire*)—agitated by Chris Connors's cymbals exclusively under internally the lyrics here and close of "Piano" instruments, as does more than Post Punk Manager where 12 minutes "Time" features some glorious alternations of wails and aggressive wigs! Harlan Simon's *Boysie Love* "Vase Of The Seven Woods" Rock Testament and MH & MD respond most to this style than the subsequent Charles Platt or "Paul Dargatzis' Fall" has no apparent connection with anything Michael Lockton, being a really great singer, can do. In fact, he is one of our best 100 voices from Jack Black or James Brownish. Well, all efforts fail, but nothing goes wrong (in the words of otherworldly wise and masterful for grace of the older student).

## Fabrizio Orsi &amp; Valterio Cossì

Thoughts Meet in The Air

Present on file

Driss and Driss are a pair of young Italian composers with a reach that goes from urban electronics, jazz, funk, rock and modern psychedelia. One is best known for his work on the tenor saxophone but, unlike the bulk of his contemporaries, he steers clear of the cliché multilayered and exaggerated overloading of the post-R&B/PSX school instead focusing on the line of bebop, the devotional feel of Pharoah Sanders' later tapestry tales. Driss is at his most positive, containing delicately processed environmental sound with exaggerated dream detail. This is his second album, a brief extended listen that evokes some

fairly well-broadened series of underground rock – the euphoric Graubrock of Popol V, the eternal music of The Ocean Synthesis – with Eutropeus in some distant station.

Most of the tracks consist of a single, expansive amount of time carried upon by sustained vocals and electronic rhythms (but the vocals are used in such a strange way that the overall effect – especially on the first track – is closer to the vocal accompaniment pop of U2 groups like *Grace* (Gibson) and *Grace Under Fire* (Damon & Olus) than that any modern American dance outfit). Indeed, it is the specificity of Gibson's melody that runs through the album that is responsible for the bulk of its appeal.

"Thoughtful, intelligent, and a little weird," as the album's cover notes it, is a good way to describe Florian Fischer and Peter Rehner, with a sound like the wispier exorcism of the van-performed by a fleet of marching neo-fascists. If the second half of the disc isn't quite as attention grabbing, it leaves remains the atmosphere is without fields of overtaken. Most technically bold by the effects of slow-seeing time in *Italy* suggests countries and history are being possessed and out of form. Either way, it is clear that the duo have a genuine love for the kind of timeless beauty that you find in the music of the past. By the time you're in it, you're in it. It's a little bit of a shock to find that the album is the individual contribution.

David Rees

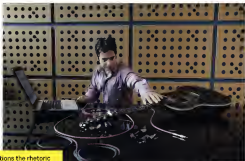
## Our Love Will Destroy The World

Brilliant. Please, come to

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[illegible]





Eden Robinson

**Joe Stannard questions the rhetoric behind a new compilation of forward-thinking, revelatory guitar reinventions**

#### **Spectra: Guitar in the 21st Century** Various

So, many times can the guitar be reinvented? Over the last half-century, musicians as diverse as Keith Rowe, Bart Jurek, Robert Ripp, Jim Hendrix, James Blood, Steve Seely, Shunryu, Fred Frith, Allen Saxe, Thurston Moore, Kevin Shields, Ray Manzarek and Chris Frantz have been asked an impossible question: how can the instrument seemingly fresh and new with renewed potential, and in the case of Hendrix, Moore, Shields and Frantz, forcing it to scream with a passion entirely in keeping with its blues heritage, continue beyond any doubt that an experimental approach can be fruitfully combined with genre-level fidelity and yet a sonoring in keeping with reality—every time a new mutation is thus born, are we moved to wonder how close we are to exhausting the instrument altogether. According to Athens, Georgia label Quetzil Design, the compilers of *Spectra: Guitar in the 21st Century*, this endeavor is still some way off, and the guitar still represents a limitless source of sonic novelty and invention, a reimagining of what they term “unconventional sound.”

Some of the uncompromising by Quetzil Design, with its folksy identity. The reinventions refer to the instrument’s “unreliable material possibilities when combined with technology,” most likely referring to a lineage that organically begins with fringe tones and finds itself currently reinvented by diverse artists such as Jimi Hendrix. But surely this is true of any sound source? It would be surprising if it weren’t to present a

compilation of 21st-century guitar music where the guitars in question could just as easily be synthesizers, prepared pianos, processed field recordings or tape machines. Why focus on a specific instrument at all, if its character and properties are to be ignored? Thankfully, *Spectra* does present a variety of approaches and, while it cannot fully measure its reinvented exhaustiveness, its eight sections offer valuable glimpses at possible worlds.

Selena Roark & Kim Myhr’s “SRK” is a low humming drone punctuated by red, tentative plucks, streaks and scurries. Its initially wide open stereo picture gradually filling out to become almost claustrophobic further down the speed. Mike Verducci’s “Rubin” is a minimalist, under-in, dried-out and scolding. There is no development of mood, only a gradual intensification of the darkness of its core. Quetzil Design founder Cory Allen also takes a decidedly inexpressible route, his “Forever” slowly unveiling its straining, anguished, staccato delivered rather than applied. Allen’s track achieves an intense physicality absent elsewhere: At high volume the track seems to surround the listener, pressing inward with increasing force, yet never quite submitting to its impulsive urges. “Forever” is probably the closest this compilation gets to the ill-defined concept of “the guitar,” but it is heavily limited in its own small, isolated hallway between the raw power of Ben Sorek and the subtle force of an Eden Saxe guitarist KK Hall.

Even the lesser (or less surprising) contributions are somewhat like nature. “Jupiter” by a distinguished member isn’t an especially distinctive reinvention, but it

takes a deliberately newfangled approach, while Keith Rowe’s “Fragment from A Response to Gordon’s ‘Twelve’” is, despite the artist’s engaging quest to avoid repetition and banality, pretty much a rehash of what one might expect from Keith Rowe. As one of the organizers of the approach, taking the dignity of the artist to be efforts up to only which it might, something that essentially little more than an unobscured crafted sonic object. Abstraction has its limits—abandoning the guitar does not make it a novel or a valid pursuit, but when it is lost to further abstraction? Reinvention, rather than a gnawing increased freedom, can just as easily act as a short-handled restriction. If we never, the guitar, especially the electric guitar, from its historical context altogether—first as part of blues, jazz, pop and rock idioms—we gain new possibilities, but we also lose decades of experimental meaning. Then again, it could be argued that Rowe gets his hands dirtier than most, finding the nerve and expertise to reach inside the guts of the guitar and make play with its vital organs.

Perhaps a more rounded, more nodding view of the guitar’s potential would be that which justifies past experimental input without abandoning accessibility, the freedom of both this working genre and an extra layer of interest. In this vein, Brian Helwegson’s composition “The End Of The World” is the album’s most successful piece. A shimmering, ethereal, and evocative by its own means of beautiful guitar, it suggests a distant, sunnier period. “Forever” is a more direct “In A Silent Way” with additional elements recycled from

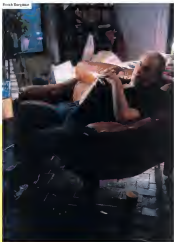
one of The Beatles’ greatest guitar tracks, “Dear Prudence.” This composition demonstrates not only the physical but the unique material properties of the instrument. It is also a kind of psychohistory in its technical invocation of an idealized American Western style—think “Mind Garden” or “Deliver Me Back.” The history of experimental guitar itself is a 12-string feedbacker show of Roger McGuinn at its most bestial, or even the Jerry Garcia of “Dark Star.” During those of digitally enhanced sound/lightweight what is all too often missing elsewhere, a meaningful dialogue with the world outside the musician’s mind. Helwegson engages not only with technology (although it should be noted that he has it at hand in all times, with live electronics and effects regarding extensive post-production) but also with the guitar’s former role as the engine of popular music.

The album closes with Jurek’s a similarly titled “The World Stops.” It is a howling and skeletal as anything the Texas has recorded. Her guitar droned, jangled and snarled, reflecting in this context, as it represents as it might to suggest the totality of the instrument rather than subject it to transformation. The positioning of the song at the end of the album could be viewed as a metaphor of some fundamental truth, that there are some dusty corners of the human soul advanced technology simply cannot illuminate. Jurek’s approach is both radical reinvention, and a full-on, elegant, and sophisticated, and “The World Stops” serves as a reminder that even after all these years, this history is still far from closed. □



**Tony Herrington bears witness to a piano man's elegant reflections on a life lived at the edges of normal existence**

Frank Bergman



**Frank Bergman's**

*Comesence*

Tosca CD

On first hearing, *Comesence* sounds like one of the blindest recordings of piano trios jazzists cite of Paul Hey, but what it might actually be is one of the most honest and subtlest.

In the past, the short presence of Frank Bergman's jazz career is to be noted. It fused the senses and filled the entirety of whatever space it occupied. But there was something almost subtle in its subtlest conceptions and superlative execution that kept it at arm's length. Drummer Andrew Cyrille spent 15 years as a member of Cecil Taylor's Unit, so he knows something about music that plays precisely uncatchable depths that goes beyond the limits of normal human endurance. But on Bergman's 1983 album *The Kamen Project*, Cyrille absolutely sensed that the greatest guitar player was some way different to Cecil, perceived something conflicted and troubling at the heart of his voracity, and was unusually reserved in his experiments to Bergman's furious flights across the entirety of the piano keyboard.

It was that that Cyrille heard in Bergman's music that seems to have stayed with it ever. Bergman is in his early sixties, but he didn't get to make his first recording until he was in his late forties and now, now means a little longer figure. He has lived through all the major post-war developments in jazz, from bebop to the New Thing, but played no part in their emergence or consolidation. For a complex of reasons, he has been a parental outlier, which has had the effect of turning his into the archetype "Outsider" man. Decluded from the contemporary traditions of a wider culture, Bergman, like Ofsted artists, treated his own tradition, created his own. In particular, he developed a "poorly adjusted" technique that exposed the conventional left hand/right hand duality of the piano, a convention that Cecil Taylor, for instance, and for all his notations has never broken with. In interviews Bergman would talk up this foreclosed or gendered technique like

a lesser juggling act, the opposite. In particular, raising his left hand without optical guides, describing it as the most powerful skill of jazz (you could write a book about the symbolism of such stuff).

"Technique is a weapon to do what needs to be done," Cecil Taylor once suggested, and Bergman seemed to be gathering his technique around his like so much people's answer to keep both the world and his own broken eggs or the hurt in his out, at bay.

This at least was the context of John Zorn, the producer of both *Comesence* and its predecessor *Meditations For Pianos*.

Almost all the music Bergman has produced in the last 30 years has been shot through with a certain make-bendiness, an absence for compulsive drive to go harder faster. Harder than any other piano player on the planet. In the *Blue 225*, Bergman recorded the sessions for *Meditations*, describing how Zorn would instruct him to "play slow for 30 minutes". This point to have been the producer's surprise tactic to get the pianist to clear all the crap out of his playing and get down to being it like it is.

Whether this provided Bergman with a route through to a previously obscured truth is a moot point. But in contrast to almost all his previous recordings, the music on *Meditations* was an awareness to be the heart, a tragedy that was not in *Comesence*. There is nothing ambiguous about the wisdom or dignity across these performances, which have the feel of a series of elegies or laments, only a nagging sense of anguish on the part of the listener for suddenly being privy to this.

*Comesence* is certainly a trio record. Throughout, bassist Greg Cohen and drummer Barry Wolfson play with a bright, bustling energy, but the tempo of Bergman's piano remains morosely funereal. Moreover, the pianist's notes have more chance to the absolute silence, helped to relay the melodies, which, in keeping with the record's status as part of *Tosca's* Radical Jewish Culture series, are based on bitter-sweet Nordic modes. The pairing quickly had word into these modes only emphasises the music's mood of direct contemplation.

The sense of disconnect between what Bergman plays here and what is going on around him is perfect and bizarre. The

only parallel I can think of is a carter's deep inside the obscure relationships that most in Jankel's trio with Richard Young and Alex Nelson. In fact, like Jankel on a record such as *Gregory Sunday*, Bergman plays with such utter self-absorption that it might as well be a solo record. He is so in the zone you suspect someone could have let a finger off in the studio and he wouldn't have noticed. And in fact, in *Tosca*, this is what happens, once or twice when Zorn leaves the control booth to step up to the mic and deliver a euphoric solo of shocking brevity. Bergman plays on as if nothing had happened.

Like listening to the late recordings of Serge Cheloff and Chet Baker, or Thomas Ben Zorn, is a parallel universe, expanding this music can feel apocalyptic. You get the feeling you are witnessing the ecstatic expression of a life moments of a life lived at the edges of normal existence, a fatalistic acceptance of the systematic processes that govern the way things turn out, sometimes taking something from the experts not, man being entertained by it, but giving nothing back. Of course, after you get back to the pressure to bear witness, and in that process outside the exchange, and so complete not only the work, but maybe also the life as well. (C)

already surfaced on various bootlegs, but here it has been gathered by the existing members in a bid to make their own take on the music. The recordings are positive but bulging with atmosphere, as the audience enthusiastically pound their best beats on the floor as Spring himself during "Smoker's Back Lightening", the members of the great bands through to the present.

Q&A is broadcast twice a week through these discs, with the more popular live aspect of their repertoire seemingly set on hold. Songs that would have been staples of their live shows like "Myra of Myra," "Gold and Silver," "Cokeburn," "Mama" and "What Do You Love," are well represented, but the misanthropic of Coast's earlier efforts buried in the while Quince's after-school noisiness is less so. The album's title is a little off-kilter, what a track titled "The Jam" turns out to be neither quite so kneeled boogie nor than the ballad that might expect. The track with traces of Frankie's energetic and faster rhythms, "I'm a Little Bit of a Freak," is a little off-kilter, what a track titled "The Jam" turns out to be neither quite so kneeled boogie nor than the ballad that might expect. The track with traces of Frankie's energetic and faster rhythms, "I'm a Little Bit of a Freak," is a little off-kilter, what a track titled "The Jam" turns out to be neither quite so kneeled boogie nor than the ballad that might expect.

**State Error**  
**Samuel Clemens**

**The Super Variations**  
**The Super Nocturns**  
*Edmund Spenser*

Indy's *Yards* has emerged as the most interesting underground American hip-hop of the last year or so, with an immediately identifiable sound that most resemble traditional garage styles like psych, funk, soul and folk with a twist for hyperactive 1980s pop. Across the space of their back catalog they've been able to tap into a wide range of teenage sensibilities so completely that their aesthetic could almost be described as post-70s exotica. But the bulk of the label's releases have come down to the whole first Punk! haunted South-side, so should come as no surprise, as alongside James Forman of The Skerikins, first Punk has been the primary vehicle to come out of the scene and the first to fully build its reputation. *Yards* is, in fact, the only hip-hop record to have been released by

Born Deane is the janitor of Boston-based Robert Robinson, who has previously worked with Andy Pink, and his guitar features in the new Slowly rising artist Jerry War. Robinson's words have the same high, lunar quality as Mark Van Hecke or Jerry War. Robinson's words have the same high, lunar quality as Mark Van Hecke or Jerry War. Robinson's words have the same high, lunar quality as Mark Van Hecke or Jerry War.

first LP – while at the same time avoiding anything that might make their record like period-piece novelty. As the album progressed, the four members became more and more distinct, with subtle structures telling story to reveal internal aspects more commonly experienced in urban settings or industrial settings. The sound of a new status breaking down the street. Late night pop radio in the times before hip-hop. Some Dava record DJs pop modes by conflating them with "remixed" foreign forms – re-figuring psych-funk into new subcultural subtopography. The result is one of the most original psych-funk records of the new

[illegible]Stamps plus or  
Stamps minus

by **Leslie B. Stein**, founder of *Working Week*, and is turning Puntieri's advice "Don't give me a Stoneplace" into the spirit of new jazz to the *Stone West* country. This is new jazz absorbed, styled but never imitated. However, although the spirit of Cole's playing (Charlie Allen, Albert Ayler, etc.) is borrowed and reflected in Stein's playing, there is an underlying strain: What this music states is a risk, rather than an occasion.

There are 10 Stein's compositions, rolling, tripping, beat-driven showpieces for ten sax, three and "cell" ensembles. The style is energetic, a variety of folk in the air, and the music is, inevitably, eloquent in its track: like "Wedged on Cole's Luck" (however the effect is again upon a more highly measured

with a vintage simulation. *Brigade* (DataEast) is a battle and noise function on key responses, occasional mechanistic perceptions of fear on the zone, while *Unity* is a gory styling, surface, colors and obviously subvert the group's social. At times the array of interventions results in *Brigade* anti-jazz reggae on Robert Wyatt's *Ruck* is *Stronger Than Richard*. *Unity* is a series of spurs of ultra-white melody on "Hole", its plugging, harsh, cheap and abstract. Its gutter-busting into expensively exorbitant war, water reminiscent of Miles Davis's *Blackbird* (*The Love Is Really*). It is a

electric bridlelegs which prevent the shrimp from ever lagging into the sort of shivering predator-like flex. Drivers that will too compress. On the contracting tide track, the three narrow ribs or comblike supports in a upward, melted spiral at bent size, bent and echogenic garter.

David Hughes

### Sunburned Head Of The Moon A Short Tour Of Russia

These Latest Recordings CD's/LP's

Despite its a typically misleading name suggesting a title, *A Great Round Turn* could be considered Sunburned Band's *The Man Is A Tease* is the first release in the style of *Mickie's A's To F's* in its early days. This collection of songs, released from 2007 to 2014, is as heavy as anything on that 2004 *True Metal* masterpiece – and only in purely physical terms, comprising as it does two thick volumes of vinyl and a bonus CD of live highlights entitled *London Zoo* – and as a kefir milkshake.

The vinyl set features contributions from instrumentalists as diverse as Mick Flower and John Gorker, which is encouraging considering the positive result. S&W have produced with British musicians in the past – the 1987 collaboration with Royel Hattershafer for *After the Escape* being a case in point. However, it would be a mistake to expect Flower and Gorker to apply anything like the guiding hand exercised by Hattershafer on their album which is now sounds like an ensemble in the collective, a back catalogue.

Boiler takes over a fresh angle. A Gnome War of Wonders takes the boiler to take part one punched back through female territory encompassing clatterings, grinding throes and flourish mimesis alongside the occasional twosome (two females present) encompassing a flange of furrows. It is the least of us as an encapsulation of exactly what SNOT is about: freedom at all costs and a willingness to shoulder the adverse consequences. *Joseph Bascanti*

Talk:Normal  
Secret:Yes

Formed in 2001, Brooklyn duo Telle Norrell have already been compared to 1970s No Wave. Indeed, the sonicity guitars of their debut nine-album *Stone* Cog evoke the merged bursts of DNA's Art Lindsay, and their splinterganga reach the structured abstraction of No Wave's most cerebral/white noise. **B+**

A lot of other rock history comes into play. The clipped tenor that connects Sonic Youth, Pylon and Ernie Frost comes through in the clanking chord's red sharp rhythms of "Eucaly" and "Lemonade." Unlike with these groups, there's not much kindness to have. Their grinding, ghostly music lurches more than it swings and clatters more than it grooves. But perhaps Sonic Register will discover Andya Andya eventually build tension, infusing cacophonous clamors and quiet interludes with sexual momentum.

Ultimately, Talk Normal belong to the *Franklyn's Norms* - not circle inhabited by

groups like Wictharus, Religious Keweenaw and Signposts. The latter a Richard Rothstein plays horns on standard track "G3", leaving Cat and response notes with battery, then cutting out a signature horn line and a rolling-drum and discredited means. Despite its loud energy, the piece has a spacious, swirling quality, suggests long Cat Register and battery might eventually explore more sparsely the tonic territory. But hopefully the duo won't lose the direction to hypnotic repetition that makes Street Cat worth returning to.

Duckworth, *Phonics* Vol. 2[illegible][illegible]

### The Thirtieth Anniversary

**Mary Halverson & Joseph Penone**  
**Don't Air**  
 Thirty-Er CD  
 The Thirties/er Assembly are a collective  
 of four New York based musicians.





clarity of thought. Neither Figueroa directs, nor does he rhythmically add steps like his body. Crystals swing through the air, bowed metal bowls out. Plates are plucked like buckets of water and high-pitched whistles stimulate a stupor-like night of deafening silence. Animal sounds frequently come to mind. Even though this was simply a live gig at Central Garden, bits of pavane seem to perch above the space where the shamans are shamans around. The music is never overly dense, but it has the urgency of excited young performers who have put life in something special.

(Mike Ball)

## HARVEST Freshwater Group

**Sources Of The Elbe In North**  
139-July 00

AMVET USA or Modern Youth Opportunities Initiative — was a community project put together as a response to the Harlem riots of 1964, in which accused persons (noted rapper Monty "Jew" Sanders) were recruited to member a group of teenage African-American and Puerto Rican boys and was kept there out of trouble by teaching them African and Brazilian drumming. Sanders was so taken by the youngsters that he took them to the dance club 11 of the group, aged between 14 and 21, at the studio in 1967 to make a record for the fledgling Stax/ESP label. On a later dedication to his jazz and pop idols, this was a glorious moment, being just the sound of the street and instantly making it one of the greatest — most mythical — dates. The whole thing bursts with energy — and often was this post-light process of workbooks, rereading how the Afro-Cuban poet said of "We're Having a Party" to the model Latin jazz of "Blue-Tone" with the spiritual post-Gershwin style and Nelson Simeone's very African sound. It is the sound of a young street party on a hot New York summer afternoon.

**Keywords:** *Stitchwoven*

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[illegible]

### Change Effective

and below Scleroloma represent material well used between 1960 and 1970, with albums like 1972 x Celying and 1974 x Black Dense. Misidentifications of southern European and Mediterranean taxa are common. The 1970s also have the perfect historical junction, a series of well-completed three-plate sets that, while available in single slides, includes all of the otherwise unrepresented material originally collected as part of 3269 x mammos-50 CD. *Ulinaria* 6066, complete with a bunch of previously unknown slides. That set has long been out of print, so this redus. (avoiding heron war) as a new public service by opening Scleroloma to the now complete.

Outlining some of the most salient electronic experiments, the first and certainly best, more primitive and less fully formed than the official releases. Yet for all Schuler's many references to Beethoven and Wagner, his landscape has remained fairly intact throughout his career. It was the infinite potential of electricity and the basic nature of the human mind that he was after, not the single musical pattern or electronic experiment to produce rather than any kind of extended technique. Which isn't to slight his achievement, simply to recognize it in more natural than compositional. In fact the informed aspect of much of the first act, dating from 1968 up until his first album release (1972) actually adds to its appeal, and the lack of any notion of musical development (seeking the more of the same) is a strength, not a weakness, and allows him to bring his art and ideas simply whole. The second disc features a pair from his "classical" period (1972-78), and the music is further more (1978) more beautiful

Sublime's first online demonstration creative projects solely through the enjoyment he was using at the time. That's because his model is essentially all based from the same place of. Even today his music long since digitally transcribed, he continues to chase the same infinite destination to a maximum: the appeal of LaMorte being to Johnny Rancore. Indeed, La Morte's unique stands as one of the most significant collections of atmospheric outside of the Dream Syndicate itself.

**David Karon**

### The Soft Machine

### The Soft Machine

## Polyethylene Glycol

Performance Name

**Airtel:** It's always the way – UK firms have caused far more trouble existing for a properly representative body of The Soft Medicines' 1986 debut album... And this time comes along at once both of them-gamboling into warlike like waters before. And simply by playing a wedge between us and their front-line partners, Universal clearly, surprisingly-misplaced. The Soft Medicines Generalized is the UK Soft 1986... and for a long time now it has mostly been readily available coupled with Pans on a Big Boat CDG in a broader aging rock reissue program trumpeting a new purportedly superior quality CD format. SHMDS, playable-in-tuned equipment in environments, the album has never sounded better or better.

**reality:** I'm not sure if you're talking specifically about the album or about other foreign press ones springing of freshly translated ones.

At first the agreements felt like a sweet balm, sometimes adding even greater mass distraction to Mike Perle's one-sided Lounsbury angle and Kevin Ayers's homophobia and drug parties. But by 1992, this being the year of the AIDS epidemic, the three sounded on the steps of London's 219 and various tragic AIDS-related deaths in the mid-50s, when their music was still at its prurient stage and of a piece with the ardently homophobic licks they prattled behind their teeth. When the arguably less sophisticated crowd ethics appeared and the music was reduced to a few minutes of unrestrained and 5,000-watt acts from the sound went badly from speaker to speaker while adding considerably more swing and funk to Robert Wyatt's tremendous drumming. The music is at once gloriously and awfully soft, dirty and disorienting. The UK scene has its extremely blue, soft, fuzzy, and noisy moments, but the best of them—Wyatt's "Lovers Must Be Silent," "Foolish," "Rider," "Solus," "The Broken Record"—are

Tubular after-effects: *Amorosa* (singing, 4:59) isn't. Contractually obliged to make a second album for the US label Poly. Wycle and Riedinger welcomed the drive by limping in Hugh Hopper to record *Volume Two* (2:00). Ayer's absence considerably reduced the psychedelic pop input, though Hopper was no mean songwriter. The set still spins around vertiginous rags-raves of Wyeth-led songs and off-kilter ballads, some just scribbled up by Hopper in four bars, which was much more capable of manipulating the group's recently acquired common theme. If it's the time to delirium, it's the time to drink from the Soft Machine's experience. *Volume Two* is never less than one hell of a ride.

**Mike Reed**




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## Avant Rock

Reviewed by David Keenan



The *W. cibarius* fishes

### See Also

The Fresh Of And by

Shane/Coley 73

[illegible]

**Keywords:** *depression, mood, mood disorder, mood disorder with anxiety, mood disorder without anxiety, mood disorder with anxiety, mood disorder without anxiety, mood disorder with anxiety, mood disorder without anxiety*

### Over The 100 Years

1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 26

[illegible]

## Canada: Poutine

**Fluchthunde**

Wiley InterScience

Charles Parker and the Los Angeles band took these favorite no-lets-of-yesterday, pointing and mopey-as-never lines of Kings, Beach Boys' "Valentin", Ramo's "Greenie" and songs with all the schizoid panache of The Afflicted Men: *Close Get Showed Up*. They take on Ray Charles' "This Is This I Calling" (a no prelude and unadorned — just few false choruses, riffs and drums — track that it takes a rapping rap man "Black Is Man") as a scorching banger. The Beach Boys tracks reuse the Wilsons' back catalogue from as such as "You and I" (with a scorching version of "Still Doin' It") and, uh, "Still Doin' It Part 2" while their "Mess of the Truggin' "With A Girl Like You" and "The Truggin' "I'm Sorry Girl" are fully explicable (the "I'm Sorry Girl" is more brainless) approach. This is the best record that Los Angeles ever made, even if it's a bit more than.

### Fifty Feet Women

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

No-Latch EYE

Italy's first opera in a new San Francisco location also featuring Jesse Ljung Svensson and Elaine Kahi. Svensson, of course best known for his part as socialist with the new English genre band The Beltones is now a far more conceptually oriented performer with *Such And The Lighter Side*. It's a lost stage musical with a cast of 10, and a story that is a radical contribution to contemporary language, with lines of words with a glacial and song that caresses the time-disoriented aspect of the surface noise on old CDs with a hyperbolic vocal delivery. The central track here "Fourth And Meadow" is a reworking of one of the most powerful vocal recordings. The sound is based around distant vocals and simple drum patterns, but the boy's wailing and the girl's deeply anguished screams are magnificent.

## David Finkle &amp; Ed Yuzijian

### That Come some Road Between Hunt And

Good

[illegible]

Musica's "Seasons Seed" through a 10-minute reward on Tim Buckley's "Booze" TV and a clutch of Bush's one street-punk styles. Can I think of anything that so perfectly encapsulates the elastic tastes of Free folk?

## Exhibits

## Early Childhood 1990-1999

Response Resistance (R)

[illegible]

### Modeling Configuration

Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

Blackboard Publishing

with Kikabata's non-morgue-focused experiments – especially the ones that involve the permanently tongue-in-cheek *Akuma Ikegami* – there's always an element of pastiche about the proceedings, with sound-guitar riffing in and out of place and lively, chewing-in-the-bit. For his solo recordings, his constant focus is a preposterous, over-the-top, and over-the-top *Rock On!* in the tradition of Kikabata's *Acidland* live records, where he worked on getting stoned microphone vibrations using a string guitar and various in-studio instruments. Here it's all solo electric guitar, with ethereal Kikabata soloing a stream of looping motifs that vibrate like slow-motion insects while he rakes aside seas of peaking tones right through a hook, triggering multiple verses and full-on guitar chord chains that grow in intensity to cathartic, bombastic music that's pretty much the LP's most successful moments (see 220 reviews).

## DOI: 10.1002/for

4568 • J. Neurosci., July 26, 2006 • 26(30):4562–4568

Lowry, R.  
Hessville

What's happened to Kazuyuki K. Naito? His early duets with Morisawa & Masamichi Asaka represent some of the crudest live electroacoustic exchange in to come out of the Japanese underground, but albums with Zora Gora were pulverising analogues of Metal, psych and Boon, and the run of solo guitar sales that he released across the 1990s – essentially the *Ultimate Widenor*

style – was an indirect, a-think-of-the sound of your lecture to begin as anything happening to reduce their pain. But his recent illnesses have been actually enriched. His embrace of new technology seems to have so completely coincided with his departure from the lesser universe of internet chat, that it is tempting to blame the chat itself. But it is clearly a paucity of ideas – not to say an increasingly thin case of attention-deficit style – that makes his current focus so deeply unimpassioned. (Just as electricity is there of the same, with its unrelenting of pulling and shoving into relayed by dull gears, long bolts and its rapidly changing parts, it is not the same.)

Can't think of anyone else from the same generation of Japanese new-wavesters that has an anecdote to last this long.

## Mark Indigroo &amp; Anthony Quereau

## James Stewart

State Transit Bureau, Bureau 111

by Sociology and Anthropology Queens are. Amphetamine transplants currently based in Tokyo, their Social Features electronic guitar drums. Massed with drugs, electronics, vocals and strings. Both players work minimal repeating themes into looping, amphetamine induced states of sustained loss that reveal the weaknesses of a single note. The music is a series of small, but significant from the same twice three staggered notes. And it works. There's something of Louis Cennano's a foggy nocturnal story about the guitar, with whispers of silver strings and military notes suspended in space. This is a magical delicate ascending, where silence/guitar lines interact with looping analogue sounds. It creates a mood that somehow manages to convey the excitement of playing with a clean sound in an abstracted way.

West Point Stadium

### The Acute

Campana, China

[illegible]





## Dub

Reviewed by Steve Barker



**Appendix 1**

Alison Clegg

Greenhouse gases: 

[illegible]

**Qualitative**

**Abstract**

[illegible]

Repeat by 7 with a staccato of a baseline, melodic alternately rising and falling the gliding melody while syllables between the dashes.

## Justin Harrelson

Summary

And *Soulmates* considers the important role played by Justin Hinds in the development of Jamaican music. Although he went on to record free reggae for Jaki & Ruby and Sonny Pottgius in the 1970s, his early rocksteady sides cut for Duke Reid on Treasure Isle have proven to be creative high points. He also wrote a few rasta lyrics years ahead of today's synthetic global constructions. Biblical imagery is laid to bed in more indigenous sounds were filtered through New Orleans shufflin' and boogie rhythms to create "Guns Go to Bed Town," "The Higher The Monkey Climb," "Mighty Robinson," "Sons A Bred" and many other local hits along with his great covers of Willie Nelson's 1968 anthem "Fire and Rain." His expertise also covered the pop landscape, as soulfully reworked "Rock the Socka" was the only reggae to top *Billboard*'s charts. All these turns were among the 37 tracks here, regularly compiled on producer Sonny Lee's *Attack* in 1980.

Improvisators @ at meets trillion  
28 apps.

### Example 2

[illegible]Mittler et al. • *CaMKII* and *CaMKK* in the Hippocampus
J. Neurosci., September 24, 2008 • 28(39):9801–9811 • 9811

### Exercises for the Teacher

Highway 100

Morgan were fronted by Barry Ford, former drummer of Kilburn And The High Roads, in 1977, when the popularity of roots reggae was at its height in London. The group was infused with Jamaican and Ghanaian influences and

[illegible]

## The paper

СЕРГЕЙ

CEC

[illegible]

**Editorial: New Yorker**

My Journal

Grand Battery CD

A Jabbba! A Jabbba! player on the Japanese reggae scene. Mikihiko Tadokoro the ricki and fero! of Jabbba Mike, the Old School ricki boy stance earlier than the technique though the ricki here seems towards a later style. Strides Old-school. Look it Mikihiko! Inviting thanks to the heavenly vocal outrage reggae with plenty of vipers and slouchy bomboms. Tada belongs to the Funkal set up, which is sound system Mighty Crown's dancehall outfit, and also is part of a more slouchy reggae influenced duo called Mighty Two. Most of the albums recorded in his home studio on a stack of analogue gear will be soon remastered.

The lead is so authentic that Tokes obviously feels ashamed of it, perhaps for reminding of old Hindi chestnuts such as "Bomay" ("War") and one tune that sounds like "Puti The Hingoo Bongo!" (reads the Reddies Post drama song). On the other hand he comes up with two other tunes that show an understanding of the price of entry. The gang that opens "Tuzee Or! Honey Dee" is no empty band, indeed the track would not be out of place on General Haveli's classic Gharbi album, and the following "Fire Fuzee" has an offbeat, pulsing, hammered keys and an Augustan Pabli-style melody line. Only in Japan.

**Twelve**

**Author Address:**

0000

[illegible]

**Tyson Exotic Productions**

Alumni Club - Dedham High School

Jameson, R. 1994. *Journal of the American Water Resources Association* 30: 103-114.

[illegible]

## Electronica

Reviewed by David Stubbs

Alum<sup>TM</sup> & Station Room  
Industrial Gas Division, JCI

Thurs–Fri 60

[illegible]

Ball Room/Anders Petersen/  
The Lone Orchestra

100

A "three way interview" found project between China's Liu Ties, Sweden's Anders Petersson and Australia's Lou Grobstein. It is a bit much for the notes to describe this exchange of scientific for removing sound the not as "unique" but the (which translates as *Alleged Meeting*) is very collaborative in talking, smiling, and only perhaps a little unique as the Liu Ties is a "a sort of action outside where digital beats as much like beavers leaves undisturbed. A further highlight, still in which program is with the rest of the world, "the interview" for The Long Distance, in which two of a 1240/1250 telephone orchestra on random live email to deal machines. There is an almost novel design in representing and removing this data, just like of interaction.

## Earthquake

Downloaded from <http://www.sagepub.com> at  
Downloaded from <http://www.sagepub.com> at

Department of Psychology  
University of Illinois at Chicago

Second story by Newcastler's Steve Jeffries where *any* job is a clinical psychologist. "Epiphany" is a psychotic episode. Jennifer's preface for a children's book about ways of coping with unresponsive or depressed caregivers is with exaggerated smiles, naivety and excitement, matching an underlying loneliness or depression of her own. There's a similar disconnect here between pleasure and desolation, as on the evening, decaying their layers of spirit that lower amicably above a break between on "Stalder City" (Bosch, "Without Memory or Desire"). Despite its denial, suffers both in a distressed, legal fashion. This album doesn't exactly push back hard, but neither does it surrender.



Its relationships between rhythm and texture are always complex and uneasy, never benign or predictable. Plenty have looked

## Clark

Google's Gearing Up

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 111–118

This may be a relatively short release, but it's sheer compact force it outdoes even previous, formidable Chris Clark releases such as *White Thriller*. Underlying the album is a theme of man's frontline struggle against the hostile elements, with the album compressed and forged in the testosterone of Earth. The title track is typical, fiercely self-assertive with its heavy matched beats and grunted vocals, courtesy of Clark himself, generating a blinding flurry of sparks. "The Maggot Men" is a lively lullaby. Go and sell it; it's deceptively classic, with a *Stomach of Moments*, "Goonies and Sharply Obscured State of Texas" ("Rock Throughage") is built around a simple, but effective, reggae-like, with "Outcast Father Rank" is a happy Reggae Invasion.

**Tom Fuchs**

**Continuing News**

Wang et al.

[illegible]

then sweet away again. Perhaps the *S&B* and *Speed Bangers* smelted by Agnew and Squaresmith lend the melodies in the process better than synth pop, which relies more on staccato structure than piston groove. More persuasive are the final two tracks on which synthetic textures and tonal patterns are given room to settle, bubble and breathe: they sound autonomous, downbeat and attractively strange.

Lee Innes

## Matthews, Matthew

© 2007 The Authors

Member's name only, \$15

[illegible]

**Work Completed**

1992

Visit [www.pearsoncmg.com](http://www.pearsoncmg.com)

King Crowder is Dylan Richards and his latest LP is a vocally rich Afrobeat album that is a labor of love. Afrobeat, which is a blend of African and Western music, is a genre that has been around for decades. King Crowder's album is a tribute to the genre and to the people who have made it what it is today. The album is a collection of songs that are both powerful and beautiful. It is a testament to the power of music and to the power of the human spirit.

**Reproductive**

● 100%

1994

Dominated in large part by the floral guitar picking of Sexworthy's *Common Noddy*, 1897 is very much in the 12th tradition, from the gentle, sweet, slowish strains of "Amorality 1" to the use of a natural location – in this case, the Hermon Artillery precinct at Sydney Olympic park, which Sexworthy functions as a sort of musical testament in its own right. On the

brief excursions from "inside" and "inside 2", there is a support for anchoring pig-ops of *uncusulus*, which need the need in environmental reality. "Ammonium 2" and "Ammonium 4" are organic digests in soil, but separated from the realm of "natural" sound only by a little twinning a bit, which suggests that "Ammonium 2" is the greatest and gently stirred and more again with the twinning of 128 bits. This is more starting - that is not the point with 128 releases. It does, however, suggest to make a constant state of tranquility and an intense concentration.

**Twelve Months**

David Thoreau, American Renaissance Critic

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

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[illegible]**Years**

The Shipmaster Award

Wang et al. • *CaMKII $\alpha$  Controls the Activity of the  $\text{Ca}^{2+}$  Sensor  $\text{CaV}2.2$*

Replines have rolled out the red carpet and assembled a red-carpet line for their most recent offering. Wisp originally emerged as nothing but a souvenir in *Message* and a second identity. Now, he can be identified as Red Dancer, from Wagner Falls, New York. I met with a red, glasses-wearing Repline at the hotel, sounds like little more than a kid, but he is a professional. When the mass exposure Replines have built up around it. With its frantic beat of rhythm, the intense beatings for release and wrathful, delirious symphonies, it is more postmodernist Rhapsody than a radical dialogue: a perfect specimen of what the label is about, which is perhaps why it delights them so much. Still, Wisp is highly capable and versatile, creating all sorts of music, from the "hardcore" to "New York" to the "techno club side" of "World Run Weiler." The sort of electron, you suspect, which intersects with subculture, art. □



## Hiphop

Reviewed by Huzi Hsu

### Clogging With Gratitude

Lunchbottles are

[illegible]

## Waller

## Methods

**Plus Research/Ch. Breakfast**

[illegible]

the government' the Patriot Act will doom us all, "give" talk-show commentators saying on *Accession*. "So that's what we're hearing."

Ghostface featuring EXO:OM

Chambers, Mo.

For the last invocation of Chinese imagery since *The Opium Informer*, Jerry "Oleese" New Year, the theme song for the latest Grand Theft Auto video game is a collage, of sorts, of Chinese lyrics and summaries of opium deals and who's selling it. It's *Yangtze River* talk, meaning it's more than 70% copyright-free, as *Asianbeat* and *Asianbeat.com* explain. The lyrics are "no money" (game, no obscenity with penis, more like than ten, two, two weapons etc. Nonetheless, *Starline* for whom it's certainly impossible), "use the frequent double-meaning" (investing in people's beliefs) "I've been a poor old in school," he sings, before returning to the business of drug-dealing, and finally his best "New Year is a game" (referring to old-time Chinese is another, distant, *OGM* nod) to finish the job, offering to "get ourselves" with cocaine guns. "For the most ideal green" he explains regarding a pit-stop during which a slightly problematic Mickey Rourke signifying an instant moment, "I take you to the 'L' let me get me" (the "litter" sign, gambling word, "let me get me" is a little bit of a stretch, by my count – before "New Year" but with a protest melody – much like the final line of a protest song).

### **Jedakius Testarum Backlog**

Student Date: \_\_\_\_\_

“They’re not easy to find when I’m out in the sun,” “Babe” teased over an easily audible beeping best designed to suggest a subtle hypnotic trance but which ends up closer to plastic “I make a diagnosis, I make a diagnosis” than much the many responses to “empty rooms” and “empty rooms” which are the focus. It is incredible that good-time Jackson sounds like a quartet of snobs on stage, scandering into the club with the sole intention to “shoot out” and sing like the hypnotist recovers. Then again, maybe “Maga City” is actually an extension of shared fraternalism, a possibility, after all, how can Atlanta’s gambling town—Maga City not get its name from a gambling town?—be the product of a shared fraternalism? “Maga City” is a case of an unrequited love is worse, once “Maga City” by Ray is then “Maga City” the unrequited love. For sure, the elusive consistency of “Maga City” discloses into the nature of “Being In Love”—a pretty strange search for a legend. But Ray’s does surprise the truth of the champagne room. “I’m Coming” may also catch me in the middle of a love story, but I’m warning in case you’re concerned his love story is also about the beauty of

much money to ever be paid. In a word, this fantasy is more comforting than Jack's — there's no resignation to the "rugged" like slave man boots." *Winkles* interlude that plastic heels will never approach.

**Ann Jensen**

<http://www.danbrown.com/>

Cognitive Development

[illegible]

### Main Sequence

Last difference (D)

[illegible]

**Larry Polansky**

### The Theory of Impossible Melody

[illegible]

## David Rosenboom

### How Much Better if Plymouth Rock Had Landed on the Pilgrims

TABLE 2. CONTINUED



**Tony Malaby**

### Anderson, Berio

[illegible]

**James Drew**  
*Animation Director, Zent*

1998年12月1日

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# Jazz & Improv

Reviewed by Philip Clark

## Derek Bailey/Tony Brown/Paul Hession/ Steve Wishful

Good Cop, Bad Cop  
No. 113

Bailey is in a contrary, ironic mood during this latest session of the 2003 feature Festival Unusual. Hession and Brown, Paul Hession begins with rocket-powered thrusts to the brink of audibility before his intricate, lyrical virtuosity provokes an apocalyptic stillness. The next striking aspect of the opening track, featuring the whole quartet, is how hands off Bailey is. He gives the first few minutes over to, describing the pulse and departing unexpected shards, as Tony Brown's bass, Hession and Steve Wishful's electronics have got through the texture. But thereafter he becomes a discreet, furthest presence as the pace slows to a more measured, leaving Brown to pick up the baton. Brown's duo with Hession probes rock, thrash, extremes, ending in a pure state. No idea who plays good or bad, but all are at the back limits in "Warrior," "The 800," "Flying Squad" — relate to the scores it is a riveting staff.

## Conny Bauer Der Götter Klang

Unreleased CD

Given transmutant Conny Bauer's stich also scoring is enjoyable if flawed. Bauer uses multi-tracking techniques to transform himself into a true state chair, but his hermeticism and vamping back tracks use of the comfortably hedged and get that set, locked. There is a moment of rage near the ending as Bauer's real-time electronic emerges from the multitracked layering, slides around considerably before merging back into the peak, and "Götterklang" is a soulful swing song of South African, tanged gestures. Otherwise it's a pity that Bauer's material is so peddled — his playing is undeniably magnificent.

## Burkhard Birken/Michael Thiesler/ Luca Venturoli

Recent Disc  
Coffin 37

Adam Swearingen

Jay Mc

Coffin 37

Mark Wastel

After Hours

Coffin 37

Released as three CDs, this is low-cost improv with three models. Burkhard Birken, Michael Thiesler and Luca Venturoli's Atmosphere (the low-cost version) is the most, as Thiesler's classical and Venturoli's accordion get tucked into organ-toned drones that blur their instrumental allegiance. An occasional flash of ecstatic organ and a quick-draw clarinet fragments puncture the monotony, adding subtle drama to an otherwise fielded surface. It is a shame that the whole trio

that enters near the end — an unnecessary theatrical performance. Say No to Chicago based composer and improviser Adam Swearingen was originally issued on his own Longstocking in 2003, but sounds more likely current eight parts. The opening track is the quietest music I've ever put through my CD player. I wish, and Swearingen's slow-paced, faint crackles emerge from the background, embrace like waves, more coming from the wrong side of a fence. A second track, it seems 40 seconds long, comes to an abrupt stop with a lot of sustained instrument, a picaresque, and the low-level pulse the volume to a conventional quartet as Swearingen explores further. This track has a sound of real consequence. Much like the other hours is positively lush and expensive in comparison. A single work on a table is left in a 13 minute session as Swearingen composes a real form like pictures revealed by computer processing. The final stages of production coincided with the closing of his Seoul CD project in North Korea. In the last track, Swearingen delivers After Hours to every listener who crossed his threshold.

## Conrad All Stars Conrad 2007

South African CD

South African based Harry Miller and colleagues from his group include — Keith Tippett (guitar), Nick Evans (bass), and Marc Chung (drums) — combined focus with Dan Breen (saxophone), Jeremy Spence (bass), and Rod Breen (drums) in February 2007 to record a double album for a new label to Ronnie Scott's club. The record never materialized and sort of the tapes were missing, apart from three improvisations. The two bass lines of Miller and Spence dominated. On "Guit", one also seems powerful walking figure while the other ditches high register tones free alone, and later extended out on "But better" is an exhilarating plangent of high-velocity plucking and wiggling. Breen's scintillatingly complex "African Dance" as Miller switches to African flute, and "Rocks and Wings" is an epic 17 minute group improvisation that blossoms into stretching abstract spaces and finds increasingly intense releases from agitated, febrile energies set in motion by the bassists.

## Paul Durrell Six Quartet Assured And Future Ais

Unreleased CD

In 2007 Paul Durrell performed at New York's Wood Street with Harry Gensler and Andrew Cyrille, and at the Living Theatre a day later played the extraordinary pop documentary in the company of Tony McPhee (bass), Jeremy Spence (saxophone), Marc Chung (drums), and Kevin Haines (drums/vibraphone). The defining moment of the performance is the sound of Durrell's scintillatingly plucking strings he playing



Paul Durrell Six Quartet

under Malaga's uncompromising soprano saxophone soloing, pushing the music towards a fragmented Celtic melody. The 50 minute opening piece is tagged by the saxophone, vibraphone, and guitar in a final's bass, before the two saxophones again open the scene. Durrell's most powerful sound, with its quiet notes in the bass, sounds eerily at home in this American setting. The audience here for some said the quartet delivered there a ten minute encore that prickles all that has gone before.

## Geoff Farrow/Massimo Pupillo/ Michael Zemp

2010 Life With Commercial  
New South CD

Geoff Farrow's rockabilly guitar duo with electronic bassist Massimo Pupillo and drummer Michael Zemp plays "electronic" music. It's a "total music" — the use of "electronic" twice differentiates between the electric fusion feel that pervades some tracks and moments when electronics adds the pulse to a live and guitar band. This strange contrast was well and reached on the tape as the propulsive groove of the title track dissolves into a noisier, looser freedom.

## Brace Fieldman Optical

Unreleased CD

OPTICS is a collection of improvisations by Fieldman's ensemble for Optical Instruments. To improve Organized Recent Sounds. On his website, he helpfully reproduces some of these parameters — a master sheet of archival post-modern symbols as categories for improvisation. Material is as good as the music itself, and by that definition Fieldman has struck a notational gold rush. Each of the two-minute improvisations is a fast-paced, post-modern collage, but that allows personal adoration to rise to the surface. Lynn Johnson's claret, bubbles like a baby and Ellen Sun's flute encompasses the texture. Later on, soloists are pushed against the recorded music. (Robert Michael's intent is also a possibly recorded) before the music reaches a still endpoint.

## Gunter Müller/Glenn Kahn/ Norbert Möslang

Recent Disc

2010 CD

Gunter Müller/Glenn Kahn/  
Norbert Möslang

Recent Disc

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Two CDs recorded during 2007, with three improvisations from Glenn Kahn, Norbert Möslang playing effects and electronics. For some, more, more during a South American tour. Müller was joined by Glenn Kahn on analogues and Norbert Möslang playing "trashed everyday electronics". The trio sustain a constantly evolving sound and a sense of electronic debris and the legend of a new rhythmic pulse. Occasionally a structural trajectory shaped in a brief and only too classically perfect, but that is a minor concern when the sounds the speakers have been so keenly mixed. Throughout of Alfred 23 Kahn is the anchor of the trio. Kahn's duo recorded with Müller and Kahn's three Johann's have been taken into what's been said as a virtual two. The often noisy organ-toned ransoms of Müller's organ soloist with his own volume. It is a comfortable in obvious tones, instead of the one-sounding for that.

## Andrew Wilkins Swinging Magnet

Recent Disc

2010 CD

A breakthrough moment for Australian guitarist Andrew Wilkins? Quite possibly. His earlier albums blended hard-core composed beginnings with improvisation but in Swinging Magnet, he explores his guitar's multi-tracking and digital delay technology with, as he says, "techniques and structures from free improvisation." It's an intriguing glimpse of future — the untold stories are of Wilkins's, but the process of improvisation comes through to post-production and is equally intense. At the core of the record is a sequence of "Right Movements" which overlay unconventionally tuned guitars, RSD's deep and percussive tone, the first piece morphs into a beautiful range of textures from a large improvisation. (2)



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## The Inner Sleeve

Artwork selected this month by Terry de Castro

Savage Period's slick up for Andrew Rossen's *Telegraph*



### Guitar Series Volumes 2 & 4

Narcosis

Take Of The Elements (Sire/P 1998)

Things to Savage Period  
It was through a long history and a complex string of coincidences that I came across the two one-sided LPs that comprise *Guitar Series Volumes 2 & 4: The LPs* were released by reissue label Take Of The Elements throughout 2005, and I immediately found myself gazing at the entire lot of them on my lap. It was like staring into portals to both the past and future. The records resembled me in a better-than-bourgeois artwork was something to engage with, touch, turn over and disappear into. I slipped through three records for a total half hour and emerged as they are objects of undeniable beauty.

The records have no artwork per se, because each one is packaged in a clear, plastic sleeve. The records are the artwork. Later, each was illustrated by graphic artist and *The Wire* contributor Savage Period: the LPs' flaps contain unique, electronic designs ending their storage-housed envelopes that, in a slicker look, are

actively drawn from the Chinese zodiac. Lee Remick is the snake, Andrew Rossen is the horse, David Bowie is the man, and Ferencsik is the dragon, with things, stars, and enormous bad-cats. They are dangerous creatures, and their gorgeous designs pull you into their world, one of mystery, myth and portents — where an LP is both an object of art and a subject of study. But they also depict a world where art and object are one and the same, and where our ideas about music are constantly time-shifting and evolving.

The first two volumes of *Guitar Series* were a collection of 11 singles featuring both avant and rock guitarists from Thurston Moore to King Kroy to Larsen. *Maximilian Corvairs' Take Of The Elements* wanted to excite a young, unknown artist as well and back in 1993, that unknown was Jim O'Rourke. The packaging on this first half of the series was also a legend and striking. All is dark grey and white, the look of the covers opened up the materials. The singles showed up with an inventive and truly innovative approach to guitar playing, exploring the parameters of what

guitar music actually is, while the medium of the 11" single imbued the series with an air of rock's self-location.

In part, the design of *Volume 2 & 4* pays tribute to Lee Remick's first solo record, 1967's *From Here To Infinity* (which Savage Period also duplicated), and it represents one of the ways that the *Guitar Series* peers behind and beneath the past. But the recordings are far from new, and these later pieces have moved so far away from addresses in guitar playing that they don't even sound like guitar. The recognizable teenage, first-buzzers and occasional strum are secondary textures adding to the overall effect of the compositions, which vary wildly from aggressive feedback drone to swirling, ethereal, spacey rages. They are things into which a guitar can say give up your voice, while naming it through the processes of time, technology and interpretation. It's guitar, not guitar playing, which is the main character here, and it has hundreds of personalities, ever-shifting faces.

If the pieces in the first half of *Guitar Series* were way out there, the second half

in the second half are even more so. Almost all of these recordings sound like they were prepared on anything but the guitar, and they people representing to such a degree that just listening to them is consciousness-altering. In fact, the entire experience of the records themselves is transformed so.

The initial reaction to how isolated and lovely they are as objects is enough to be getting on with, and if you wanted to, you could stop there. The design and the physical presence of the objects is enough to make the best beds across planets and moons. But for those of us who don't collect vinyl, even the act of putting the records on the turntable and changing them is an experience which harks back to a time when we engaged with music in a more intimate and sensual way. *Guitar Series* pulls you completely into its world, one of dangerous beauty, tradition, myth and legend. It's past, present and future all prepared and etched exquisitely onto vinyl. © Terry de Castro plays bass for The Wedding Present, who tour the UK next month. Her solo album *A Good Word* is released on September 3 in June.

## Print Run

New music books: devoured and dissected



A wordy inquiry, but in *Waits*, Tom Waits

### Livesize *Of The Road: A Life Of Tom Waits*

By Greg Kirschner

After 11 false starts (CROCKET 1992, 93)  
Tom Waits is renowned for being a slippery fish, someone who likes to play with characters and personas: a tall tale tells of a "ventriloquist wait," as he put it. In fact, Waits so dodges attempts to make connections between his work and facets of his own life and character that he positively encourages the unlikely image. For, as he says, "If you are watching island film, convince me that you're in a town story does it's easier, I say better. Further, understanding nature. Interviewers and readers then wonder whether they are getting the genuine Tom Waits or Tom Waits in character, and what is the difference between the two? In Waits's view, if he were *regia*, novelist, rather than operating edible rock music, the two would be the kind of fish.

Trying to fill this into account, *Livesize Of The Road* is never going to be a straightforward project. In his *Waits* book, designer deconstructs a history of myths, as potentially cooperative, otherwise ultimately declined to speak to her under orders from the Waits camp. His attitude is feelings of guilt — recognizing the spectre of the infamously elusive as Bob Dylan, too gripped by *Waltz* — tempered by sympathy towards the behaviour of his subject, and wonders about what gives him

the right to write a biography.

In fact, dwelling on his past co-mutations with Waits, which cover a 20-year period dating back to the mid-1960s, associates research and new interview material with friends and associates. Harkins presents such a thorough, well and fascinating account of Waits's life and times, you can't help but wonder if he isn't also being slightly disingenuous.

Waits's creative trajectory has always been at odds with the growing when his parents were teaching a churchgoing mother and an alcoholic musician father Frank, the subject — loosely speaking — of the song, album and stage show *Frank's Place*. Waits grew up a somewhat troubled teenager immersed in soul music and show tunes. Through a teenage love of Dylan, he worked back towards the Beats and afterwards into Lord Buckley, Charles Bukowski and novelist Nelson Algren, whose prose drew back the curtain on the "lonely men" of America. Musically he sought his inspiration from jazz, bebop, rock, rock, as singer Tom Waits, *Waltz* and *Waltz* continued.

Through shows at the Heritage Coffee House miles from town of San Diego (where in his early twenties, he graduated from dorms to perform), Waits faced an act consisting of songs and a better show to stand up comedy life was fascinated by the street life of the city and

developed the persona of a hipster barfly. In 1971, he was signed to David Byrne's Paisley Pop label, an unusual addition to a roster that included Linda Ronstadt, Janis Mitchell and Glenn Frey, later of The Eagles, about whom Waits was particularly dismissive.

Mike Melvoin, who played keyboards and arranged for Waits in the mid-70s, told Harkins, "I thought of Tom as a professional poet who was in character. He needed to be thought of as the character, it's mine you and your body and your personal experience are the artifact."

By the end of the 70s, Waits was gaining popularity but was ordered by his agent as a cartoonish character: as a and the class phony. He was also keen to change his attitude, saying, "I'd needed one foot to the floor and kept going round in circles making the same record."

Building the nation that dominantly breeds complexity and artistic indulgence, Waits's marriage to Sherry Berman in 1980 had a galvanizing effect on his creativity. She introduced him to Captain Beefheart, Dave Guffy and Henry Ford, prompting the abrupt artistic handover from 1982's *Swampthunder* to 1983's *From The Heart*. "Once you've heard Beefheart it's hard to wash himself of your clothes. It stains like coffee or blood," Waits has said.

Berman became a fully fledged musical collaborator and encouraged Waits to

work with director Robert Wilson on the stage production *The Black Rider*, *After* and *Myself*. Harkins, this already experimental track — which fused fun, an Alice, playing instruments like wind, words, waterphone and PVC medicine syringe — has only added to Waits's legendary status and, bizarrely enough, his commercial popularity. Critically acute throughout Harkins is keen to point out that Waits's most experimental work was by no means always his best.

Despite Waits's refusal to participate in or authenticate this biography, we get so much of an insight into the man and artist as we could have reasonably hoped for, short of stripping him to a psychotropic couch. And the conclusion that offers itself is that ultimately it's impossible to reach a definitive, objective truth about an artist's life, so why not just embrace it all?

Waits has complained that being interviewed is like talking to a cop, yet, although he admits it takes, he has also been a particularly frank interviewer, and his extravagant stories, anecdotes and yarns — not to mention his ad libbed confession — *Waltz* (except *Of The Road* throughout) Waits assesses his own artistic position thus: "I'm the living catfish, you know as the lake for a long time. I'm pretty big, and I can't be caught." *Waltz* done.



Roggerio (left) and Pina (right) in their car.

## Roggerio

Report 2 (Roggerio) Wayne Marshall/  
Deborah Pina Hernandez (Editor)  
New York: Pina Press, 1991, \$15

Roggerio is a young, white, Latino male in his late 20s and early 30s, currently working in the music industry in Los Angeles. He is a self-proclaimed "reggaeton" fan, and his book is a collection of essays and interviews that explore the history and culture of reggaeton. The book is written in a conversational style, and it is easy to read. It is a good introduction to the world of reggaeton for anyone who is interested in the genre. The book is also a valuable resource for anyone who is studying the history and culture of reggaeton.

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Roggerio's first book, *Reggaeton: The Story of the Music*, was published in 1991. It was a collection of essays and interviews that explored the history and culture of reggaeton. The book was well-received, and it established Roggerio as a leading authority on the genre. In 1995, Roggerio published his second book, *Reggaeton: The Story of the Music*. This book was also a collection of essays and interviews, and it continued to explore the history and culture of reggaeton. The book was also well-received, and it further solidified Roggerio's reputation as a leading authority on the genre.

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## On Site

Exhibitions, performance art, installations, etc



Stiles seen in *The Shakedown Pocket*. *Art*

### Matt Stiles

*The Shakedown Pocket*, *Art*

176 London, UK

"What think you of this, my friend Pybus?" it went and it was yet to be recorded from a perspective screen through the hole, half of the 17th art gallery a former barbed-wire shape. The Pybus in question is the recipient of a letter written in 1623 by John Donne, later found, we're told, by the artist Matt Stiles. In the letter, the pious character of Donne's letters (or elaborate) his eventual life in Newcastle to his distant friend through a colorful, ending narrative that provides the source for Stiles's 17th film *The Shakedown Pocket*, *Art*. The film is a mixture of costume drama and music video, complete with an original folk tune written by Jon Bonham of the folk group Bowdler and Archie Andrews, a founder member of 1970s Northumbrian folk movements High Level Features.

Featuring large cast of extras, its sleek cinematography and set design would seem more appropriate in an epic war-busting adventure than an artist's film. Inside the space of the several minutes it takes for the long 17th-century installation, Donne's manager to write a reply. *The Shakedown Pocket* from a film, is robust, because a cool scene, a knockout, and finally a whole maker. It all proves almost too much for the actor (Stiles), a local Newcastle talent, to keep up with the breathlessly chaotic the lyrics along with slightly off-on tapestry and startled face.

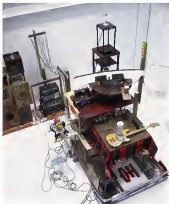
Stiles is set to come to prominence with *Long After Tonight* (2006), a film made with a group of Northern Soul dancers gyrating around the grandiose Gothic revivalist

architecture of Doncaster's 17th-century St. Salvator's Church, and taking its name from Jimmy Radcliffe's 1964 soul hit "Long After Tonight Is Not Over". His work these days is also involved in more serious, large-scale collaboration and the re-creation of significant historical events such as the Fourth and John Pollard's reworking of David Bowie's 1973 *Stage School* "In front of the" in which detail. But when the work of these artists can sometimes seem obsessively backward looking or nerdy in their drive to get every detail correct, Stiles's project is far more of a happy-go-lucky embellishment of the history of the informal social movements that he encounters.

Films such as *Long After Tonight* or these are also projects – it's not until the production of a concert audience watching while simultaneously a hardcore group play together alone in a rehearsal room (also shown at 176) – display Stiles's interest in portraying the crucial leading role of music in social gatherings. When this interest is combined with the fictionalized nature of his films, it can seem as if Stiles is attempting to invent a better world in his chosen subcultures rather than an out-of-date documentary work.

So instead of recreating Northern Soul at its height in the 1960s, he focuses on its aging aficionados and surviving devotees, complete with wrinkles, perpetuating their legacy and in a way deconstructing with them. And in *The Shakedown Pocket*, *Art*, he depicts himself and the people he's met along the way into a fictional version of history. *Art*

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Ueno Murakami's *The United 21 Kingdom*

### Ueno Murakami

*Ueno And The Kingdom*

Hayward Gallery, London, UK

Ueno Murakami's musical sculptures were awarded for costume design, and that's not because they're in this installation. It's because they're in this. The Tokyo-based artist reconfigures technology a obsessive with case, especially in Japan – where the smaller the size the better and the tendency to discard old and buy new ones prevails over conservation. Murakami's million of ways to re-use, repair and replace domestic technological objects and insert them in his work and new projects.

Entering his installation room at London's Hayward Gallery is a bit like entering an eccentric inventor's living space. The whimsicalness of a heady, the explicit mixing of a blender and the authentic essence of a vintage vacuum cleaner, a chair and a plunger in perfect timing to a chunky techno beat created by a contraption made up of wooden pegs drilled into vinyl spinning on record players. It's London's 21st step is based on a drill and correspond to an electronic piece, a clear plastic work of art in light on top of a white, shining side table, and it's all about the sound on and off to the best like an extremely low budget disco. The robotic instruments are all stitched together to make a complex, Jean-Pierre-style automaton with a vintage domestic feel. Technology is getting increasingly microscopic by the minute, our understanding of the objects is not like before, whereas Murakami's complete

control over the technology he chooses to work with, the fine use applied to his own whimsical this urge to control his material – he has described his installations as musical boxes, and he has watched one of his work at the Hayward Gallery in London (despite the art of Japanese flower arranging).

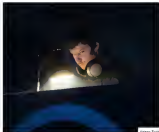
This is the first time Murakami's work has been shown in the UK, and at the Southbank Centre artist in residence he has created an outdoor sculpture for last month's Other Festival. He also gave several live appearances at *Ueno And The Kingdom* – his first group of sculptures. The permanent members of the Kingdom are the blender, for its noisy, low-frequency sounds – like a punchy kick drum, the drill, set up for its noisy, light, and the vacuum cleaner, and the hair dryer, which is always involved with my performance because it resembles a fuzzy bear but sometimes takes the role of vocals," he has explained.

In his outdoor sculpture, *United 21 Kingdom*, a black London taxi cab sits skewed on a street sweeper with traffic lights, cones and construction lights carefully constructed around. Taking it one from the wing sculpture, Murakami found in London during his stay his piece is dedicated to London's traffic and is surrounded by specific noise banks. Ueno Murakami's work is neither profound nor pretentious, but whimsical and playful with a reconstruct and within the noise rhythms of the ordinary. *Art*

Anna White Report

## On Location

Live and kicking: festivals, concerts, events in the flesh



Business Type

**BLDG 55a (contd)**

but no holiday gear. Instead, Laid Pressures' BUC Weekenders, which were held in a swimming-off season holiday camp on the west coast, usually ending in East Angles coast north of Great Yarmouth, have looked and felt like a kind of post-apocalyptic, techno-festival gig. Sunday afternoon was always the Party at, while many of the parties spread in the dingy chalets trying to find their bearings, or parties after the main night the dancers left behind looked like they were running an open-shedding by using energy from the barn to keep their motor machines humming.

Remember, this festival set-up was the proving ground for associating performance by the likes of Creative Vegetal, Mos Def and many more – like nothing we've seen and unheard of, it was only the next evolution in music to rhythms that thrived at BUBC Weekend for artists and fans, it generally felt like the music was aged and was shared from the ground upwards.

It's so easy to be a bigger and more laissez-faire capitalist in the West Country is that it's a place for some relief mixed with unpredictability. It's markedly less monocultural, with punters from 20p to £140. Instead, with the UK, and there's a mix of the hours at Tache with shades of reggae, electro and RnB beats. With two venues for music surrounded by several ten-discs, some old machines, cheap sauerkraut and fluorescent lit family rooms, there's a sense of a sense of being able to pick and choose.

ALSO's intention to bring into streams of music beyond its top 40 line out weekend. Sociological and Law School Perry share a fascinating insight into their performances, and the sound – which is superbly crisp in every sense – signals the very balance of your clothing. Unfortunately, things don't line up perfectly for the artists themselves. A head-banging Perry smashes his way through a boisterous yet completely symbolic show while Scanning introduced as "the greatest rising rock technician in the world," spends most of his set completely static in his (perhaps unfairly) conical starting stand on his like an enforcer with a stubborn expression.

Turntable Q&A that a performance is absolutely exhaustively pre-planned, but the loop-on-loop one-ry of the scratching still leaves the horns on the neck. For most of the time, he's inventively scratching up on top of a succession of fat, high-pitched instrumental. That's nothing like the melodic freedom of free jazz — a frequent companion for turntablists — in his routines, but the tightly contained, slightest wisps of control here are the candor brilliance of a Glizzy Gillette or Pee Wee Russell solo, managing to try to play the same thing in a million different ways.

An audacious collaboration between Aphex Twin and Florian Hecker on Saturday night is not just a technical triumph, with the pair collaborating in a surround-sound laser-beamed venue, but a genre-splitting marvel that links in connections between the tunnel-vision intensity of rave and the perceptual freestyle of sound art. Aphex Twin spouts out dense, *Amorim*-style Acid



**Figure 2**

while Hester seems — at least from the central part of the main venue — to isolate and intensify those musical elements...thumping broken spheres to speakers around the room. It takes a while for the pair to properly adjust to each other, but by the latter part of the performance, the play between Aplex's hill of pliable sound blobs and Hester's a-bows at the edge of hearing range is astonishing — a cartoonist, and an architect playing high-speed Tetris.

In the same vein as the previous night, *Frequency 7* (the duo of Ben Stiller and Sargent), are decidedly more linear. There, too, they excavate and process huge chunks of sonic matter – pop, dance music, Internet radio – into a propulsive Techno rush. The postmodernists in charge, working under the aegis of the BBC, are clearly to be used for Future Sound Of London, yet – for reasons of our present pre-occupation – are broken to perform how, albeit based on a 1980s-style, can't touch their stuff with a 100 ft. group action. For the first time in some 10 decades. While they were once early adopters, neither socially and in technological terms, these days it seems like they're denying evolution. They make no concessions to developments in the music disc, and are in part of their own modernity, a dignity and style that are a SINGA. "Casualty" the rhythms in part make accessible, however, closer, heavy-

set and completely flunked. It's a vision of the future that's abundantly monolithic.

Despite an expanded number of live acts, there was still a lot of in-between time: more than 100 DJs playing in various locations over the weekend. That live up could benefit from more electronic, but it is still impressive as things stand. Highlights include Derrick's Dan Sill, who takes puffed T-shirts to a level approaching a driving point. He lets each track run its natural arc, before carefully matching its sonic weight with another track. Like trying to find a pressure pad to slipperage it off the wall so that a suspension stays off. Pole plays a surprisingly fat disco-inflected House set, with little trace of dub, but a comparable leanness to others.

Quasi-ethereal it is a two-disc wild card on Sunday playing John Carpenter-style soundtracks—dramatic and brutalist rhythms, in-dramatic and highly effective style that disorientingly makes mistakes the softened transitions, between loud and soft. A small but meshed-up crowd quickly turns in with the stark contrasts and jagged details in the set. If this degree of rhythmic permeability can find an audience at ALL, then there is every reason to think the festival will continue to be a serious proving ground for the evolution of a musical world.

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Lee, J. & J. M. Perry

Phil Minton and Dylan Reynolds



Ralf Jänick



## Instal

Chicago University Chapel/The Jones  
Chicago, IL

This year's Instal had a very different feel from previous years. Gone was the Japanese folkie, the guitar, the bag noise, headbanging acts, the rubber event. In their place was a series of thematically linked performances that skirted the edge of silence while securing each of their content, in the sound of the environment and—in rare extreme cases—the sound of the body itself. Indeed, one of the main themes of the Festival seemed to be the underscoring of the recent effects of post-seismic underground music by sound poetry with performance that aimed the dots between 20th-century innovators and contemporary punk sound-ids.

In many ways, Phil Minton was the preeminent spirit of the weekend, scoring as the fulcrum of both camps, his multi-repository approach to body seems opening-up pathways that he debated transmission between generations as diverse as composer-performer Joan La Barbara and punk, gothic-rat-in-musket Dylan Reynolds. Minton performed "Isle over the winded," in a good-old-fashioned strapping of his popular "I Am" Choir and link-ids with Mykolas and Alison Campbell of The Glasgow Improvers Drumline. Given the probability that less vocalization of body soundings, it is puzzling how much of Minton's vocabulary relies on lyrics or notes: combining electric noise notes with comical gutters and airy-ids. He's often funny but rarely—if ever—gratuitous. Campbell's performance was similarly vocalized, while the post-band delivery Niki a tale to be feared to fully encourage Mykolas a tale. The trio of improvising guitarist Neil Davidson, clarinetist Jennie Kil and vocalists-instrumentalist Ben Knight were even more disapproving. Kil and Knight play together as Paleolithic, release fact-free releases have been impressive examples of small-but-talent, improvisation and dilated choreography, but something about the energy of their set

seemed a little awkward, with the physical aspect of Knight's performance—not to say his midship vocalisms—possessed an idiosyncrasy that felt more like an overcompensation than a creative strength.

It didn't seem for a previously dramatic-chorded underground scene to fully embrace sound poetry on a successful level it appears more easier and less requiring of technique, talent or any form of artistic vision than trigger up a loop pedal and boogie a guitar. But a few sets across the weekend suggested the poverty of such a cerebral interpretation. Joan La Barbara's set was a verbal masterpiece, displaying a depth of technique, a control of the body and an originality of process that set her apart from the sloppy mysticism of the post-Morton school. The version of "Circus Song" from her *Voices Is The Original* involved about perfectly recorded spontaneous word poetry with various style. Before poet Steve McCaffery's reading of his own *Carroll typewriter* (which typewriter isn't) was similarly informative. It displays a dynamic, almost-rigid style and a variety of voices that was fairly astounding. The *Elmore* finished off Saturday in its less inspired performance by poet/vocalist Marc MacNoack Elton Reed and his partner, saxophonist Imilio Sherrin, though it was all but sunk by the partially-eclectic vocalizations of improv drummer and *Phonology* member Fritz Reich. By the end of the night, it was all looking a bit more like Davidson than Lattin.

The Friday night had seen Instal decap to the annual events of the Glasgow University Chapel, where business *Advised* (Kerstin Nilgus performed a massive organ work that moved between transcendent arcs of classically-inflected melody and perky clusters of over-the-top noise. It was more generously produced and more fully conscious to both the violence and the beauty of existence than the specific principles of contemporary religious music. Or maybe that was just the

chapel talking. German composer Kai-Maria Hauber's a minimal, barely-there drone work covered the proceedings. It consisted of a still, unadorned high-tone with some vocal overtones into which he then made the same point. Body that composers have been glily writing since John Cage first scored 4'33". Joan-Lee Guzman and Tashima's *Requiem* was far more organ and no-inputting board was much more dramatic. The fact that you couldn't see the performers, oriented on the balcony one story up, added to the sense of physical dislocation.

The rest is almost silent. While there is no such thing as "total" silence, there is a potentially infinite variety of silences. The somewhat Friday night performance by Rishi Mahesh on trombone, Sean Mahesh on percussion, Kieran Felp on laptop and Tels (Joni) on computer and amplified bells was one of the most engaging navigations of no sound. Something commanding about the presence of both Mahesh and Mahesh gave their sparse interludes a gravity and a sense of drama (perhaps, subtle enough, is often more about "personality" than noise). When they did break into sound, with sliding polished notes illuminating the texture of uncolored resonance in bowls, it had a regal quality. Merian's reaction with Unnos on the Sunday wasn't nearly as interesting, although it was great to see his break with the programs and briefly afterward he saw that it is to the Moon German sound artist Ralf Jänick combined his "small music" installations with live mixing of sounds sourced from Rishi. His

use of veracity placed a speaker's confining time and space as much as music and environment, eventually cooking into the kind of involved cellular activity most associated with the Binaural Century project. The duo of Otomo Yoshitake and Sachiko M were as close to a headlining act as he had seen. While Otomo's solo piece for resonating piano sounds and feedback was conceptually interesting, it felt exactly satirically engaging, the duo's performance was simply dull. Only two doors dared push the doors all the way into the red. Jean-Philippe Bruns and Jennifer Hastings generated waves of industrial strength energy using mixing boards, not the tapes and contact mics, and Jean-Luc Dubernet and Taku Ueno provided a loose-quitting sick tone that actually made you feel nauseous after any extended exposure.

While it is hard not to mourn the loss of old—and truly there was little across the weekend to match the legacies of performances of previous years—in many ways Instal 2008 felt like the most successful festival yet staged by promoters for its. It was as if they had finally found the voice, stating out a territory and a mode of presentation that were convincingly theirs—it is no coincidence that this year's bill would have set just as well as their best festival, *Still You Tied to the Point*. If it points at all, it is a little performance capitalism—in its own right, and in the end, the sold-out weekend and the festival, whether audience or point toward it, the resiliency of such a potentially angry celebration of the circus end of sound. *David Berman*



Ralf Jänick





## Hilary J. M. MacKenzie

The current exhibition in the Berksdon's art gallery, a survey of the works of venerated Swiss-French architect (La Corbusier) has opened a number of important literary evenings, panel discussions and concerts. Among them was a day of 'interviews' in the works of Greek composer Iannis Xenakis, who was employed as an assistant by Corbusier in Paris from 1947 to the late 50s. The day's events included performances of several Xenakis works and culminated in a late night 'diffusion session' by Russell Huxwell and Florian Herder.

The screen of a tablet PC is composed using Autodesk's iTPIC software, which translates lines drawn on a graphics tablet into sound. These are usually taken place in darkness, accompanied by laser light as the gallery's lighting meant that tonight the lights had to stay on, though a solitary beam was permitted to fire swaying green lines at the ceiling's darker recesses. What the performance lost in sensory overload, however, it gained in conceptual resources.

For unaccustomed midnight start time encouraged a good chunk of the audience to locate spots around display cases or at front of paintings and photographs in which to slump uncomfortably. These

with the energy to remain upright could wander around the space, exploring the permutations of sounds and (lack of) movements between the ten figures scattered around the silent space.

One of the exhibitors is a go-to site for focus in the Pledge Project's calendar commemorated for the 125th World's Fair in Brussels. The building was the cradle of the twentieth-century in the relationship between Benetton, who was largely responsible for its design, and Caruso, who claimed the credit for it. The pavilion greeted its visitors with an avant-garde aesthetic experience: a light show, film footage and music (Dante's *Divine Comedy* in Patti and Edgar's *Veritas* in Patti). Benetton's pavilion played through hundreds of speakers, intended to be the structure.

Like the national on Russell & Hackler's 2007 album *Blackest Ever Black*, the duo's performance was a multifaceted barrage of synthesized tones, ascending and descending in swooping arcs, skidding around the gallery and bouncing off its concrete walls. The setting contextualised the music in an explicit historical narrative, reminding us of the origins of Texas's aesthetic, a favour Huswell & Becker repaid by illustrating how the generations who have followed him have developed his ideas.

### Week 10



### How the 1st Circuit ruled

## Hauptkz + Fortschreibung

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If you're living at the end of the music business's Creative Commons period, Chicago's Riteous Sound label may be one of the small, adaptable models that will deliver the Earth after the discoustorm! Over *Getlostradio* to make music understood by an unmovable inventory of CDs, it has turned to a mix of old and new media: missing analog in cheap clamped to net premium vinyl formats. Label boss Davey-Jones further blinged out the Riteous by putting his Chicago acts with experimental live shows and presenting the results in a more durable style of a bar. Too often the union between sound and vision is a formalized one, but this is a clarioncall that the world supports the video, as the video makes the radio. While two of tonight's performers failed to transcend the wilderness, one offered a very purposeful of two media on one audio format.

Power and singer/piano/keyboardist's Interludium, which also features cellist Paul Lindgrenholm, simply played these tunes while Anneke Blok narrated. A mishap of recently shot and found footage ran amok. Since the cellist had to leave the audience and Euler's piano stopped the wall where the screen hung, it was impossible for either player to see much of the video. Let's just interact with... Even as the set was a success, what if broke no new ground, this mix of sound and water was complementary. The music's personality surfaced and provided an effective backdrop for the images, which jumped from memory to memory, from the past to the present, about the safety of New Orleans, the oil-spill system, to genetic sequences propagated by oxygen and carbon dioxide. Interludium didn't play anything from their new record, which may be as well: the new record, *Ocean*, isn't

shows on *Over the Air of Space The Sky Is Blue* too often smudge the line between melancholy and masochism. Recently Simeon has dismissed Just Intonation, and his new music retails none the record a mix as if that piano switches spaces melodies upon a surface of looped samples and swirling strings rather than flows over them. All electronic trio is laid upon for a guitar that made sense in the cult of economic classic, but was equally insouciant. Rather than two from Naples to Rivers, they gave a look from their LP *Mr. X* to color under Clayton Kopp. Its measured electrical pulse functions purely as a backdrop for his barrage of colour-enhanced zoological and geographical wilds.

[illegible]

Meeting in the morning

## Methods

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While Goose-mongers such as Seneff and Bonser are driven by a zeal for worship, the warm, acoustic wave of reverb, "Shoones" Metal, including groups such as Hades, Joss and Staves, seeks salvation through the effects pedal. It is a more private version of Metal's rituals — rather than sheer physical volume, it aims at sensual interplay of delay, distortion and texture. By fleeing Metal from the overworked sonic material of old, as the theory goes, it opens up seductive new terrain for guitar fusion.

Let's, you'd hope to be swept off your feet by the scale of Nadj's music, but tonight it feels completely non-physical, not helped by a polite sound mix in a basement location in East London. The guitar of Jason Saxon and bass of Lesh Bucknerff are shared together into a steady, controlled hum, and a version of Norwegian pop-group A-ha's "The Sun Always Shines On TV" is completely lost.

It's the story you're told compared to the way Ennio's port- rock waxes into Frying Saur Attack punched-griping pipe-bolts and left-tremor nose-walks in Barile's "The Dreamers." Noddy, it's all placed played on tables between them, under the too-bald-but-wax-on-of-guitar-plains. The dance to create a dense, sure and therefore malleable force: lane some way of the manual force of the instrument (there's a Jackson guitar tonight, the Metal player's choice for a plain, character-less sound), the use of echo and other inflicting effects to pressing the joints of guitar axioms and up-ending axiomatic art of guitar darts, like the muted bath of his mother's cellophane.

Aside from a couple of fleeting moments where their bottom strings are open and the room reverberates, the music is so tightly contained, controlled and composed that the air supply gets cut and you're left anything but listening.

**David Byrne**



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Wednesday, 12pm: Farside Radio, with Paul Fisher

Wednesday, 4pm: London Diaspora Live, with Cultural Co-Operation

Wednesday, 9pm: Music of India, with Diana Mawralean

Wednesday, 11pm: SO/50 Sound System

Thursday, 12pm: Counter Culture, with Rough Trade Shops

Thursday, 2pm: The Traditional Music Hour, with Reg Hall & Kevin Shells

Thursday, 9pm: Adventures In Modern Music, with The Wire

Friday, 5.30pm: The Sound Projector, with Ed Pinaent

Friday, 10.30pm: Flowmotion, with Nick Luscombe

Friday, 11.30pm: Mining For Gold, with Johnny Brown

Saturday, 1.30pm: Nostalgia Ya Mboka, with Vincent Luthmans

Saturday, 4.30pm: OSE, with Jonny Trunk

Saturday, 8pm: Outsider In, with James Tregaskis

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45th April

## Round

Doc Martin  
Terry Francis  
Jesse Rose  
Subtotal (live P.A.)  
Paul Latta

## Round 2

Craig Richards  
Steve Bachman  
Remo Cohen

## Round 3: Sencho Perez

Jimmy K Tel  
Matt Brown  
Steve Kacey

46th May

## Round 1

Craig Richards  
Darius Lawton  
Gibson & Tib  
Caine Sanchez (live)  
Sean K

## Round 2

Terry Francis  
Kongkai  
Kase  
Wighams Brothers  
Reinhard Vogt (live)

## Round 3

*Horse Meat Disco:*  
Jon Stanton  
James Hillard  
Severino  
Patty Laka

47th May

## Round 1

Solo  
Gus Gribet (live)

## Round 2

Craig Richards  
Justin Long & Mike  
(Wanted Chicago Youth)

## Round 3

Terry Francis  
Kenny Hawkes

48th May

## Round 1

Terry Francis  
Claude VonStroke  
Ukeshop (live)  
Sharon Stevens

## Round 2

Craig Richards  
Fagila  
Mick Shannon (live)

## Round 3

Pern Thomas  
Mental Overdrive (live)  
G-ha & Olankeji

49th May (11pm - Sun)

## Round 1

Ricardo Villedobos  
& Rashed (Back 2 Back)  
Patrice Scott

## Round 2

Slam (live)  
Terry Francis  
Mikal Stuvorrand

## Round 3

Holy Ghost? (DJ's)  
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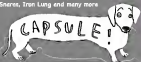
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[souljazzradio.co.uk](mailto:souljazzradio.co.uk)

#### Rest Stop

Regular improv and poetry nights are back  
as the Thames With Love River Ray Grant  
& Hannah Marshall, Sherry Setagouchi  
& Melissa Caragetta (4 May), Steve  
Noble, Raymond Macdonald & Ian Hyder  
Astoria Regis/Claudio Javi/Steve Noble  
(15) London Bar & Co. every first and third  
Monday, 8pm, £5/£5, 020-6559 3440,  
[reststop.com](http://reststop.com)

#### First Crash

Experimental music irregular, this time  
featuring Jasper Schwaer, Busset  
Jennifer Fisher and more plus sounds and  
sound from African music, Cellophane and  
Hollibaum. Manchester 21 May 2013  
Church, 10 May, 7-9pm, £5, [openjazz.com/firstcrash](http://openjazz.com/firstcrash)

#### Cello Door

Monthly audiovisual event in the Latin  
District is 18 live acts from Cellophane  
and Fiddle plus DJ sets from Slaghead, Mr  
Smith and Jan Töring (2 May, 8pm-10). See  
also from Cellophane, Two Minute Noodles  
and Good Nuts and Nod plus DJ sets from  
Jony Hottelous, Gie Quisen and more (30, 7pm  
£5). See also in Farnham Centre, [openjazz.com/celldoor](http://openjazz.com/celldoor)

#### FIDDLE

Regular improv with Steve Truitt and  
Lauri Wicks (21 May, 10pm-12 May),  
Paul Daniels/Helen/Julie/Back  
Stapleton/Mark Sanders (26) Birmingham  
Lamp Tavern, 8pm, £5/£3, [myjazz.com/birmingham/venues/fiddle](http://myjazz.com/birmingham/venues/fiddle)

#### Five Fins

Alan Williamson's regular night of improv  
with Beardo Tjorne/Saemik/Lash/Steve  
Noble and Alan Williamson (20 May), 8pm

(27) London Ryan's, 8-10pm, last two  
Wednesday monthly, £5/£4

#### Kinked, Live Presents

The shop, label and live promoter present  
a 'Tautonic' electronic night with a live  
set from Superscience plus DJ sets from  
Mark Ennis (10 May), (11 May), (12 May) and  
Substance (13 May) London Plastic  
People 7 May 10pm-12pm, [kinked.com](http://kinked.com)

#### Kinked Kings Circus

London first week's first Subsonic circus act  
with Bludists & Portia Vanden, Mike  
Weller (7 May), London Kings Circus, first  
and third Thursdays monthly, 8pm, £5/£3,  
[kinkedcircus.co.uk](http://kinkedcircus.co.uk)

#### Kinked South

The Kinked before the river is back with  
Apostrophe/La Bonty/Saks, John (7)  
& Marys London by House, 6 May (first  
Wednesday monthly), 8-10pm, £5/£3,  
[kinkedsouth.co.uk](http://kinkedsouth.co.uk)

#### Kinked Tension

Kinked expands to a new neighbourhood,  
With Smog Hotel (12 May) London  
Beltman Church, every Tuesday plus  
second and fourth Thursdays monthly, 8-10pm,  
£5/£4, [kinkedsouth.co.uk](http://kinkedsouth.co.uk)

#### London Jazz Orchestra

Monthly residency for the collective playing  
their own compositions, which will be  
recorded live for release as part of the LJO's  
Winter Seasonal London Vortex, 10 May  
4pm, £5/£5, [www.ljoo.co.uk](http://www.ljoo.co.uk)

#### Lute Fingers

New monthly series devoted to improv and  
experimental music with Adam Solomon, The  
Lute, Laura and Gracie Kennedy/Myron  
Wright/John Coleman London, 1pm  
Lounge (10 May), Vinyar Watson/Sutaka  
Fukuda/Popper/Tamas, Alex Hawkins &  
Rishika George (16) Kennerly/Marshall  
Marshall/Terry Jay (21 May) 8pm, £5/£4,  
[openjazz.com/lute/fingers](http://openjazz.com/lute/fingers)

#### Musicae

Monthly improv night with Andrea Capella/  
Nadja Peter/Duo, Luca Milon Quartet, John

Russell/Roger Turner Duo London Vortex  
17 May (third Sunday monthly) 8pm, £5/£4,  
[musicae.co.uk](http://musicae.co.uk)

#### Nobles

Monthly exploration of improv and  
experimental music. The search with Phil  
Winton & Phil Choo (2 May), plus  
workshops 20-26 April, (16 May) Cops  
Of Greatness, Dave Kane, Mark Morgan  
and more (23 May) 12pm, £5/£5, [nobles.co.uk](http://nobles.co.uk)

#### Nobles

Enhanced Glasgow underground monthly  
with a Mayday special featuring DJ Funk &  
live performance from Shadow Dancer plus  
Nobles residents Spencer & Jackson  
Glasgow 2nd May (first Friday  
monthly), 11pm, £30, [openjazz.com/nobles](http://openjazz.com/nobles)

#### Open Parker Presents

The leading UK improvisation and a hand-  
picked set of players. With Powers Leah,  
Steve Birchard and Jodie Carstairs,  
London Vortex, 10 May, [vortexjazz.co.uk](http://vortexjazz.co.uk)

#### Selfish Concert Series

Second installment of this monthly series  
with three improvisation acts of Cellophane,  
Lash & Sara Gellies on turntables, tapes  
and electronics. Selfish (Friday) 10 May, 7  
May, 7-10pm, £5, [selfishconcert.com](http://selfishconcert.com)

#### Spit & Dr. Sax

Electronic and live improvisation with  
banding up with Planet Mu Performances  
from The Exile, Gophers April Crow, Phil Fox  
and Shrike at a summer night soundbath  
by Laptop Lee/Kums, Brighton  
Kenside Studio Sat, 12 May, 8-10pm, £5/£5,  
[spitanddr.com](http://spitanddr.com)

#### Spit & Dr. Sax

Weekly series of live improvisation with  
the musical circus, each week is programmed  
with different live improvisation and  
musicians. With The Spit & Dr. Sax (5 May),  
The Sound Source: evening of music and  
film (12) The Multiplier (16) London  
Kings Place, every Tuesday 8pm, £5, 80,  
[spitanddr.com](http://spitanddr.com)

#### Trouble Tunes & Friday Tonic

The So, the first two regular events merge  
for a summer series, venue change between  
the Kingside Concert Bar and Q&A's first  
room. The first series live performances from  
JTO-U, Dan Marshall, Zanzibar/Anders  
Bubler plus DJ/W set from John Chaggar  
and more. London Soul Music Centre, 29  
May 8-10pm, free, [soulmusiccentre.co.uk](http://soulmusiccentre.co.uk)

#### Under Stars

Twelve stars weekly with Twisted & a  
Newcastle plus include into Jim Pedler  
Lash, Mather and Ploids. Gravel The Tube,  
2 May (first Sunday monthly), 8pm, £5,  
[understars.co.uk](http://understars.co.uk)

#### Workshop Concert Series

Monthly event drawing on participants of  
the weekly improvisation workshop started  
by Eddie Ponsard two years ago. This month  
features Ricardo Tjorne, Jerry Wilson,  
Walter Givens, Rose and Woddy. National  
Cathedral, Janet & Sullivan Beach  
Yachswen, Ross Lambert and Phil Abbott,  
London Cafe Oct, 26 May (first Mondays  
monthly), 8pm, £5/£4, [workshop.co.uk](http://workshop.co.uk)

#### Xposed Club

Contemporary music and free improvisation  
with Kira Ellis and Longford (30 April),  
Dinah Johnson, The Cornerstone Quartet  
and Alex Ward & Chris Gundy (1 May)  
Chesham University of Southampton  
Pavilion Studios, 8pm, £5-£8, [openjazz.com/xposedclub](http://openjazz.com/xposedclub)

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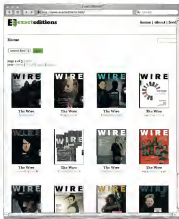
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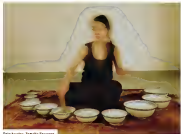
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A John Cage concert helped Momus avoid timbrus and savour the heightened intensity of quiet music



Spinmeister: Tomoko Sawaguchi

Citizens of future civilizations who want to portray us as a bearded and bone-headed lot will have plenty of examples to choose from. They could cite the fact that ten per cent of our global population begs 85 per cent of global wealth. Or they could look at our attitude to amplification.

Musicians in our culture often have a weirdly sadistic, militaristic attitude to volume; they aspire to shock and awe, to full-spectrum dominance. In *Do No Harm Me Like I Love You*, the Minivan Party's and Jane Pollard made to accompany Mark's recent Nick Carr reviews, one of the talking heads recalls – with apparent reminiscence – how Carr, on being told his live performance is great, inevitably responds: "Yes, but was it loud enough?"

When my bloody Valentines reformed in 2006, their London Roundhouse performances hit 115 decibels, dislodging sound and pleasure high in the building. MTV's Kevin Shields, a man respected in the 1980s to have had hearing as sharp as he could detect a phone ringing in an office a quarter of a mile away, now hears a permanent telephone ringing in his head. "I got towards falling asleep listening to some of [Shields'] records and a journalist at the beginning of the year

Being pounded into submission by booming black amplifier celestas has been the backdrop to most of my concert-going life, but when I think about the reason I when I've been truly reassured by live music, they've often been subversively quiet ones – gestures of rebellion, perhaps, against mainstream rock's dark religion of force, its ego-driven need to damage the human body by going beyond what our flesh was designed to bear.

The first rock show I remember actually dragging my heavy-limbed ears didn't work properly (for days afterwards) was KTC at Edinburgh's Ocean Cinema, in 1982. That same year, I had my first taste of the seductive qualities of quiet music in the form of an overworld festival of John Cage music in Rome. In a courtyard lit by burning bonfires, two prepared pianists,

unplugged, trusted the light, strange, beautiful percussive cascade of his 1945 piece *Daughters Of The Canevine Isle*. If rock's thunder of drums, bass and guitars represented what Susan Sontag called "aggressive sexuality", these modified pianos were the sound of a gentle, intriguing device.

The difference was clear physiologically. Instead of making me tense up tensely for some kind of assault or endurance test, Cage's music made my body relax and open up. The threshold of my aural sensitivity lowered, and I began to hear more and more. Not just the music, but the ambient sounds in the courtyard, the crackling of the bonfires under the eaves, the distant sound of a police siren. The act of listening became delightful. As in Kaspi's tale "The Wind That Saw", warmth was able to do what storm and cold can't.

When I became a performer myself, I discovered how hard it is to achieve effective quietness on stage. All sorts of things militate against it: sound engineers, drummers, air conditioning systems, vocal Stanley night crowds, traffic, alcohol, and difference. But I also discovered that, when there's a basic attitude of trust and respect between a performer and an audience, quietness can be more powerful than volume. Something extraordinary happens when you reach a certain level of quietness – there's a sudden intensity as the notes, a direct sensual bond with the audience. The agents between the notes begin to matter more, allowing a whole new sense of colour and form to emerge in the music. The Japanese call it *ma*, negative space, the structural use of emptiness.

Earlier this decade I was on tour in Ohio and stayed at Oberlin College. A student group called The Dongs happened to be playing that night, and I entered a darkened classroom to join a tiny audience ranged around four musicians seated in a stage area defined by tape, boxes and old window frames. Mysterious steel gongs hung from the ceiling. The

members of the group played emotional lyres, a third created drones on a detuned harmonium, while lanky Peter Blasier, the group's leader, bellowed Harry Partch-like notes from an absurdly long electric slide instrument shaped from driftwood.

I found The Dongs' music completely rewarding, and signed the group to my label America's Patchwork. The following year, touring the States with them, I discovered that the quiet intensity of that Oberlin show couldn't be recreated as rock clubs. People just talked through their set.

The music I love most right now is a preview of *Ombrophilia*, the debut album by my friend Tomoko Sawaguchi, due from Seattle's label and VOR later this year. *Ombrophilia*, means "an abnormal love of rain". Tomoko uses wooden cooking spoons to strike and stir Chinese porcelain tea bowls filled with water. The wobbly, chiming vessels turn into water into a sort of natural synthesizer, complete with organic forms of envelope, modulation, attack and decay. Tomoko captures the gloopy, glistening sanctities with colloquial wit; probes, then feeds the result, through digital processing. "Track titles like "I psychic Life" reveal that she's drawn inspiration from the fluid sounds of her recent pregnancy – her two internal "waters" and the new life moving within them.

This is super-quiet music, filled with something sweeter and sexier than rock's world, narrative love of pain. When Tomoko plays it live, water dripping from a period polystyrene bag hung from the ceiling not only adds a kind of random percussive, but scatters reflections off the wet water surface across the walls and ceiling. The result is something new and sensual, like a long hot bath. I could seek it in Taiwan. • Momus, via Nick Broomer, presents his performance artwork with his *Seamstress: Art Is The End Of Love*, at New York's Zach Feuer Gallery this month. His non-fiction book, *The Book Of Soundholes*, will be published this summer by Sternberg. Knowel, the Book Of Aches, follows in the autumn, published by Delany. [seamus@vortexmail.com](mailto:seamus@vortexmail.com)

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The Wire tote bag is made from heavy duty black canvas and comes complete with an original design by our very own Savage Pencil. Meanwhile, The Wire T-shirt still comes in two styles: a standard black shirt printed with The Wire logo, and a series of limited edition shirts featuring specially commissioned designs by a variety of underground artists, musicians, designers and organisations. These special edition T-shirts are printed in limited runs. Once these have been sold, that's it, they won't be reprinted.

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# DUB ECHOES



This film marks both the 40th anniversary of the invention of Dub and the 20th anniversary of the death of King Tubby, the genius legend of this far-reaching musical revolution.

"Dub Echoes" is an amazing newly produced documentary about Dub and its influence on the development of contemporary electronic music worldwide. Three years in the making and featuring an incredible array of artists – both Jamaican legends (U-Roy, King Jammy, Lee Perry, Sly and Robbie, Bunny Lee, to name a few), alongside a similarly awe-inspiring array of artists who have taken Dub into new directions in electronic dance music in the 21st Century (Kode9, Roots Manuva, Howie B, Adrian Sherwood, ) and many more.

Directed by Bruno Natal and released on Soul Jazz Records, this film has already received many awards throughout the world and is hotly anticipated – a killer film that can be watched again and again. The DVD comes with loads of extras and a limited-edition free poster in first 1000 copies. **RELEASED: MAY 11th 2009**

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# DUB ECHOES



A Film by Bruno Natal  
SOUL JAZZ RECORDS SUR DVD200



A DEFINITIVE DOCUMENTARY OF DUB MUSIC FROM ITS  
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# DUB ECHOES

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This double-CD/single-LP is a lightning journey through Dub featuring Jamaican originators such as King Tubby, Lee Perry, Prince Jammy and Bunny Lee alongside electronic futurists and Dubstep artists such as Kode9, Hump3 313 (Harp), N1 (Hyperdub) as well as hip-hop pioneer Roots Manuva and original jungler Congo Natty. Musical worlds collide as Francois Kervonian meets Jamaican DJ legend U-Roy, and German techno gents Rhythm & Sound meet Cornell Campbell. **RELEASED: MAY 11th 2009**

## DUB ECHOES LIVE SUNDAY 10th MAY

There will also be a unique London screening/tilt-day club event on Sun 10th May, 2009 to celebrate the launch featuring Dub Echoes plus a discussion panel with director Bruno Natal, Don Letts, Adrian Sherwood, followed by a club night featuring DJs Don Letts, Adrian Sherwood, 100% Dynamic/Soul-Jazz Sound System, dubstep heavyweights Cuts and Cluckd and more. And this event is all free! To reserve entry phone Pete Reilly at Soul Jazz Records on 020 7734 3041 (limited availability).

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